Sri Krishna Karnamrutham
(Nectar to the ears of Lord Krishna)

By
Sage Leela Shuka
(also known as Vilwamangalathu Swamiyar, Bilwamangala Thakura)

Translated by
P.R.Ramachander

Introduction

This great work was composed by Sage Leela shuka according to the last sloka of the first chapter. Elsewhere he mentions that he is a shaivite but attached to Lord Krishna. It is generally agreed by historians that Leela shuka was his pseudonym and he was known as Vilwamangalathu Swamiyar. He is known as Bilwamangala Thakura in the north India. Though his Samadhi is supposed to be in Mathura, the local legend there agrees that he is from South India. Majority of the literary commentators feel that he was from Kerala. Some of the reasons for this are

1. In several slokas the poet mentions the child Lord Krishna as wearing the golden chain with Tiger's nail. This was and is done in Kerala only.
2. The famous stotra starting "Kararavindam…" is the first sloka of Balamukundashtakam which is written by Vilwamangalathu Swamiyar of Kerala.

But this work was spotted by Chaithanya Maha Prabhu of Bengal on his visit to Andhra Pradesh. There is a story that people were sent to Trivandrum to get a full book as only the first chapter was available in Andhra Pradesh.

Vilwamangalthu Swamiyar is believed to a great scholar who was a great devotee of Guruvayurappan, the lord of Guruvayur. It seems the child Krishna used to come whenever he was called by the Swamiyar. He is also believed to be responsible for spotting and building of very many temples of Kerala.
Some of his works are

1.Sreekrishna Karnaamritham, 2. Sreechinham, 3. Purushakaaram, 4. Abhinava-Kausthubha-Maala, 5. Dakshinaamoorthy-Sthavam, 6. Kaalavadha Kaavyam, 7. Durgaasthuthi, 8. Baalakrishna Sthothram, 9. Baalagopaala Sthuthy, 10. Sreekrishna Varadaashtakam, 11. Vrindaavana Sthothram, 12. Bhaavanaamukuram, 13. Raamachandraashtakam, 14. Ganapathy Sthothram, 15. Anubhavaashtakam, 16. Mahaakaalaashtakam, 17. Kaarkotakaashtakam, 18. Krishnaleelaa-Vinodam, 19. Sankara-Hridayamgamaa, 20. Subanda-Saamraajyam, 21. Thinganda-Saamraajyam, and 22. Kramadeepika

It is also believed that Lord Krishna used to shake his head as a sign of approval for the slokas of this great work(Sri Krishna Karnamrutham) that He approved. The Swamiyar

used to reject all those sloka that did not get approval of the God. On the days when he did not approve any of the Slokas, it seems the Swamiyar used to starve.

Many people think that this great work has only one chapter because in the last sloka of the first chapter, the author mentions that it was a work of Leela Shuka. Normally such references are only made in the last sloka of the last chapter. But the book has three chapters containing respectively 110, 109 and 108 slokas.

The author sings mainly about two stages of the life of Krishna-the childhood and youth .Only in rare cases there is reference to Krishna of later stages of his life.

Two translations of the first chapter of this great work are available in the web. They are

1.Translation by Dr.Saroja Ramanujam- http://www.ahobilavalli.org/kk.pdf. This translation is well illustrated by several mind blowing pictures of Lord Krishna.

2. Translation by Madhumati dasi - http://www.kundeshwari.com/kk.html. This work contains word by word meaning of each sloka.

I am hoping and praying that they will continue and complete the translation. Being a Keralite , I have followed the Malayalam commentaries for my translation effort. I have also consulted the Tamil translation by Sri Anna , published by Rama Krishna Mutt, Madras.

The slokas are of bewitching beauty. They are poems of great quality which has come from the heart of a very great devotee. Ofcourse reference to love and parts of the body of women are mentioned in various places in the book. But I feel that it is only an out pouring of devotion by the poet.

At a very young age my revered father who is no more, had some problem with his leg and when he was bed ridden , it seems he used to get solace by reading and re reading this great work. Later in life, as far as I can remember, whenever he was sick, he used to chant slokas from this great work and get solace. So whenever I read this work, I remember vividly of him. I dedicate my translation to my father Sri.P.R.Rama Iyer who was known as Thekke Madam Kunju Raman of Chelakkara.

Sri Krishna Karnamrutham
Prathama aaswasa

Nectar to the ears of Lord Krishna
First chapter

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Chinthamanir jayathi Soma girir gurur may,
Siksha guruscha Bhagawan Shikhi pincha mouli,
Yath pada kalpa tharu pallava sekhareshu,
Leela swayamvara rasam labhathe jaya sri. 1-1

Victory to my Guru Somagiri, who is like a gem of thought,
Victory to my Lord, who wears a peacock feather,
For he who wears his feet, which are like the leaves of wish giving tree,
Would certainly be, sought, after by the goddess Vijayalakshmi.

Asthi swastharuni karagra vigalal, Kalpa prasoonaplutham,
Vasthu prasthutha venu nadha lahari, Nirvana nirvyakulam,
Srastha srastha nirudhanee vivilasad, Gopee sahasravrutham,
Hastha nyastha nathapa varga makhilom,Daram kisorakruthi. 1-2

There exists in the epics, a form of a child,
Which is drowned, in the kalpaka flowers,
Falling from the tender hands of deva maidens,
Which is drowned, in the ever lasting
And still joy of the thousands of ,
Gopis whose dress is slipping often,
And which is always ready to give,
Gifts of salvation ,to those who salute it.

Chathuryaika nidhana seema chapala- Panga cchata mandharam,
Lavanyamruthaveechi lalitha drusam, Lakshmi kadaksha drutham,
Kalindhee pulinangana pranayinam, Kama vatharanguram,
Balam neela mami vayam madhurima, Swa rajya maaradh numa. 1-3

I worship that sweet child with blue colour,
Who is the boundary of cleverness,
Who is source of very temporal glances,
Who has pretty eyes nurtured by the waves,
Of the nectar like sea of prettiness,
Who is honoured by the side long glances of Lakshmi,
Who is interested in playing by the sandy shores of river Yamuna,
And who begot a son who was the God of love.

Barhothamsa vilasi kunthalabharam, Madhurya mgnaananam,
Pronmeelanna youvanam pravilasa Dwenu pranadhamrutham,
Aapeena sthana kudmalabhirabhitho, Gopibhir aaradhitham,
Jyothischedasi naschakasmi jagathaa, Mekabhi ramadhbutham. 1- 4

My mind is illuminated by the pretty wonderful light form ,
Whose shining hair is decorated by peacock feathers,
Who has a face which is ebbing with sweetness,
Who shines with the new youthfulness,
Who plays the flute that produces the nectar like music,
And who is surrounded and worshipped by Gopis,
Having slightly thick breast tips.

Madhura thara smithamrutha vimgdha mukhambhuruham,
Madha shikhi pincha lanchitha manogna kacha prachayam,
Vishaya vishamisha grasana gradhnu nichethasi may,
Vipula vilochanam kimapi dhama chakasthu chiram. 1-5

Let my mind be lit by that which has broad eyes and is beyond words and sight,
Which has lotus like face, shining with the very sweet nectar like smile,
Which is decorated, by the feather of a peacock, with the great zest,
Which has the very prettily made up bundle of hair ,
And which wants to eat the piece of meat of pleasures of the world,

Mukulay manana nayanambhujam vibho,
Murali ninadha makaranda nirbharam,
Mukuraya mana mrudhu ganda mandalam,
Mukha pankajam manasi may vijrumbhathaam. 1-6

Let the lotus like face of my Lord Krishna,
Which has two eyes, similar to the lotus buds,
Which is full of the honey from, the pollen of the music from his flute,
And which has clear cheeks shining like glass,
Shine completely in my mind.

Kamaneeya kisora mugdha moorthe,
Kala venu kwanithaa druthan anandho,
Mama vachi vijrumbathaam murare,
Mmaudhurimna kanikaapi kaapi kaapi. 1-7

Oh God ,with the attractive pretty form of a child,
Oh god ,whose face wears the very sweet sound of flute,
Please make at least a small part of your innate sweetness,
Descend and shine in my words.

Madha shikhandi shikhanda vibhooshanam,
Madana mandha mugdha mukhambujam,
Vraja vadhoo nayananchala vanchitham,
Vijayatham mama vang maya jevitham. 1-8

Victory to my life involved in composing a prayer ,
About him ,who wears the feather of the exuberant peacock,
About him whose lotus like face attracts even the love god,
And about him who is deceived by the eyes of damsels of Vruja*.
*The land around Mathura is referred as Vruja desa

Pallavaruna pani pankaja sangi venu rava kulam.
Phulla patala patalee pari vadhi pada saroruham,

Ulla sanmadhuraa dhara dhyuthi manjari sarasaananam,
Vallavee kucha kumbha kunkuma pangilam prabhumasraye. 1-9

I surrender to the lord, who is coloured by the Kumkuma* of the pot like breast of Gopis,
Who shines by the flute held in the hands which are of the red colour of the new leaves,
Who has lotus like feet which jeer the redness of the fully opened lotus flower,
And who has an attractive face due to the shine of his very sweet lips.
*Powder of red colour used to make a dot called Thilaka by Indian ladies.

Apanga rekhabhi rapangaraabhi,
Rananga leelaa rasa ranjithabhi,
Anukshanam vallava sundareebhi,
Rabhyarchya maanam vibhumasrayama. 1-10

I surrender to the Lord , who is always worshipped by,
The ever present glances and sights of Gopis,
Who have forgotten themselves,
By the remembrance , of their passion filled love play.

Hrudhaye mama hrudhya vibhramaanaam,
Hrudayam harsha visaala lola nethram,
Tharunam vruja bala sundareenaam,
Tharalam kinchana dhama sannidathaam. 1-11

In my heart he created a stir,
By the sight of his ever shifting eyes,
With his heart full of happiness and joy,
And the young pretty damsels of Vruja,
Saw his body and drowned themselves in the sea of joy.

Nikhila bhuvana Lakshmi nithya leelaspadhabhyam,
Kamala vipeena veedhi garva sarvam kashaabhyam,
Pranamadha abhaya dhana proudigadodhathabhyaam.,
Kimapi vahathu chetha Krishna padambhujaabhyaam. 1-12

I carry always the lotus like feet of Lord Krishna,
Which are always ready to provide protection to those who surrender,
Which put down the pride of a group of lotus flowers,
And which is the spot where Goddess Lakshmi plays in this world.

Pranaya parinathaabhyam prabhavalambanabhyaam,
Prathi pada lalithabhyam prathyaham noothanabhyaam,
Prathi muhoo radhikabhyam prasnu vallochanabhyam,
Prabhavathu hrudhaye na prana nadha kisora. 1-13

Let my mind be filled with the eyes of lord who is a child,
Which are mature with love, which are the cause of all wealth,
Which are the reason for the increasing prettiness through out the day,
Which is new every day, which is anxious to fulfill more desires,
And which is interested in fulfilling all the desires.

Madhura varidhi madandha tharanga bhangee,
Srungara sankalitha sheetha kisora vesham,
Aamandhahasa lalithanan chandra bimba,
Maananda samplava manuplavatham mano may. 1-14

The form of Krishna as a child is tinged with passion,
And is as pretty as the blind and exuberant waves of the sea of sweetness,
And let my mind always follow the feet of that Lord Krishna,
Which are the land from which joy is grown,
And which shine by the light of the smile of his moon like face,

Avyaja manjula mukhambuja mugdha bhavai,
Raswadhyamana nija venu vinodha nadham,
Aakreedthamaruna pada sareruhabhya,
Mardhre madheeya hrudhaye bhuvardhra moja. 1-15

The very pretty lotus like face of the Lord assumes,
A perplexed look when he himself starts appreciating,
The soulful and strange music ,that flows from his flute.
And let that Lord Krishna dance with his lotus like feet,
In my mind drowned in the essence of devotion,

Mani noopura vaachaalam,
Vande thacharanam Vibho,
Lalithaani yadheeyaani,
Lakshmaani Vruja veedhishu. 1-16

Oh Lord I salute your capable feet,
Which are ornamented by gem studded anklets,
And which shine when they walk in a simple fashion,,
Creating foot prints in the streets of Vruja.

Mama chethasi sphurathu vallavee vibho,
Mani noopura pranayi manju sinjitham,
Kamala vane chara kalinda kanyakaa,
Kala hamsa kanda kala koojithadrutham. 1-17

Oh Lord of Gopis, My mind , is quivering,
By the pretty tinkling sound of your gem studded anklets,

And imagined, seeing a lotus forest in the river Yamuna,
And saw pretty swans swimming and singing sweetly there.

Tharunaruna karuna maya vipulayatha nayanam,
Kamala kucha kalasee bhara pulakee krutha hrudhayam,
Muralee rava tharali krutha muni manasa nalinam,
Mama khelathi mama chethasi madhuradhara mamrutham. 1-18

Let my mind be the playing arena of the sweet lips,
The young reddish broad eyes, filled with mercy,
The chest filled with emotions on hugging the breast of Rukhmani,
And the music of his flute ,which makes the minds of sages weak.

Aamugdha mardhana nayanambhuja chumbhya mana,
Harsha kula vruja vadhoomadhuraan anantho,
Aarabdha venu ravamadhi kisora murthe,
Ravirbhavthi mama chethasi kepi bhaavaa. 1-19

Oh lord with childish looks and music of the flute
When you half close your lotus like eyes and with passion kiss,
With sweetness and joy the noble bride of the Vruja clan ,
In my heart also similar emotions come towards you.

Kalakwanitha kankanam, kara nirudha peethambaram,
Krama prasrutha kunthalm, galitha barha boosham vibho,
Puna prasruthachaapala pranayinee bhujaa yanthritham,
Mama sphurathu maanase madana keli sayyosthidham. 1-20

The jingling sound of the bangles, the yellow silk which keeps slipping,
The hair not arranged properly , the peacock feathers which have fallen down, Oh lord,
And the tight embrace in her hands again by your sweet heart ,
Keep on coming to my mind , when I think of the love play of yours, Oh Lord.

Sthoka sthika nirudhya mana mrudhula prasyandhee manda smitham,
Promol bhedha nirgala prasrumara pravyaktha romolgamam,
Srothru srothra manohara vruja vadhoo leelamidho jalpitham,
Midhyaa swaapa mupasmahe Bhagwatha kreeda nimeela drusa., 1-21

Hearing the prattle of the pretty Vruja maidens about their love play with you ,
When you were feigning to be asleep , you were struggling to stop the slow smile,
With a wish to hear more of those stories , but you were not able to stop,
Showing the standing erect of the hairs on your body and I pray you in that form.

Vichithra patharngura saali baalaa,
Sthanantharam mouni manontharam vaa,
Apaasya vrunda vana padapasya,

Mupasya manyam na vilokayamaa. 1-22

Except near the breasts of the pretty Gopis,
Who had peculiar type of lines in their hands,
And the heart of great sages meditating him,
And below the trees of the pleasant Brindavan,
Where else can we see the great Lord?

Sardham samrudhai ramruthaya maanai,
ARaadhmaya manairr murali ninadhai,
Murdhabhishiktham madhurakrutheenam,
Balam kadhaa nama vilokayishye. 1-23

When will I able to see the boy who plays,
The sweet compositions which emanates from his face,
Which are complete and are nectar like,
Which are fit to be worshipped,
And which are played by him on his flute.

Sisiree kuruthe kadhaa nun a,
Ssikhi pincha abharana sisur druso,
Yugalam vigalan Madhu drava,
Smitha mudhra mrudhunaa mukhendunaa. 1-24

When will he cool our minds,
By showing his head wearing peacock feathers,
Suitable to be worn by a child like him,
And by showering the honey from,
His moon like face on us?

Karunya karbhoora kadaksha nireekshanena,
Tharunya samvalitha saisava vaibhavena,
Apushnatha bhuvana madbutha vibhramena,
Sri Krishna chandra , sisiree kuru lochanam may. 1-25

Oh moon like Krishna ,please cool my eyes,
By your merciful looks which shine in different colours,
By the feast of youth that flows from your young age,
And by your playfulness in you that rules the world.

Kadhaa vaa kalindee kuvalaya dala Shyamala thara,
Kadaksha lakshyanthe kimapi karunaa veechi nichitha,
Kadhaa vaa kandharpa prathi bhata jada chandra shishiraa,
Kamapyantha sthosham dhadhathi muralee keli ninadha. 1-26

When will I be able to drown in the series of glances,

That are drenched in mercy, which are as blue as the kuvalaya* flowers of Yamuna?
When I will be cooled by the crescent adorning the head of Shiva?
And when I will be lucky to get my mind cooled by the music of your flute?

* A blue flower

Adhi rama lokitha mardhra jalpitham,
Gathancha gambheera vilasa mandharam,
Amandha malingitha makulonmadha,
Smitham cha they Nadha, vadanthi gopika. 1- 27

The Gopis tell, "his glances are shifting and merciful,
His gait is majestic , pretty and attractive,
His talk drowns listeners in sea of joy,
And his smile is capable of bewitching all the three worlds."

Astho kasmithsa bharamaya thaya thaksham,
Nissesha sthanumrudhitham vrujanga nabhi,
Nissema masthabhakitha neela kanthi dharam,\
Drusyasam tribhuvana sundaram mahasthe. 1-28

I would like to see the prettiest one in all the three worlds,
Whose face with a smile is beyond all description,
Whose chest has the stamp of the breasts of Gopis,
And whose body with the blue brilliance spreads in all places.

Mayi prasadam madhurai kadakshai,
Rvamsee ninanadhanucharair vidhehi,
Thwayi prasanne kimihaparairna,
Sthvayai prasanne kimiha parair na. 1-29

Bless me with a side long glance of yours,
Which is mixed with sweet music from your flute,
For if you are pleased with me,
I do not need any other one,
And if you are not pleased with me.
What is the use of others getting pleased with me.

Nibadha mugdha anjaliresha yache,
Neerandra dainyonnetha mugdha kandam,
Dhayam budhe, deva, bhavath kadaksha,
Dakshinya lesena sakrun nishincha. 1-30

Oh sea of mercy, I beg you with folded hands,
With an unbearable low feeling and with shaking throat,
Please make my mind light and happy,
With your side long glances along with mercy.

Pincha vathgamsa rachanochitha kesa pase,
Peenasthanee nayana pankaja poojaneeye,
Chandraravindha vijayodhyatha vakthra bimbe,
Chapalyamethi nayanan thave saisave na. 1-31

Our eyes are thirsting to see your childhood form,
Where your hair was made up by using peacock feathers,
When you were worshipped by lotus like eyes of Gopis,
And when your face used to defeat moon as well lotus by its looks.

Thwachaissavam tribhuvanadhbutha mithya vaimi,
Yachapalancha mama vage vivadha gamyam,
Thath kim karomi viranan murali vilasa-,
Mugdam mukhambuja mudeekshithu meekshanabhyaam. 1-32

Your child hood form is the most wonderful in the world,
And that is why my infirm mind wishes to see it,
And what should I do now to see that form shining with a flute,
And having a very dear lotus like face and what austerities should I follow?

Paryachithamrutha rasaanipadathra bangi,
Valgooni valgeetha visala vilocha naani,
Balyadhikaani madha vallava bhavithani,
Bhaave lutanthi sadrusaam thava jalpithaani. 1-33

Blessed with the taste of nectar and the beauty of meaning are your words,
With your broad eyes changing according to the context,
Especially showing lovely emotions ,when you talk with love
To the Gopi maidens mostly consisting of sweet nothings.

Puna prasannena mukhendu thejasa,
Purovatheernasya krupa mahambudhe,
Thadheva leela murali ravamrutham,
Samadhi vighnaya kada nu may Bhaveth? 1-34

When I will be lucky enough to you personally come before me,
With a sweet face resembling the full moon of autumn,
And play your flute and break my Samadhi,
Oh great sea ,which is full of mercy.

Bhavena mugdha chapalena vilokanena,
Manmanaee kimapi chapala mudwahantham,
Lolena lochana rasayaa meekshanena,
Leela kisora mupagrahithu muthsuka sma. 1-35

I am terribly interested in seeing your playfully childish form.
Which clearly shows the changing emotions of childhood,
Which increases the wave like emotions of my mind,
And your juicy glance with ever playful eyes.

Adheera bimbadhara vibhramena,
Harshardhra venu swara sampada cha,
Anena kenaapi manoharena,
Haa hantha , haa hantha , mano dhunothi. 1-36

The attraction of your pretty face before me,
With the flowing joyful tunes from the flute,
And several other things which are very pretty,
Makes my mind very weak, why is it, why is it.

Yavanna may nikhila marma drudabhigatha,
Nissandhi bandhana mudhethi bhavopa thapa,
Thavadwipo , bhavathu thavaka vakthra chandra,
Chandrathpa dwigunitham mama chitha dhaaraa. 1-37

Oh Lord, till I get out of the ties of this life,
And reach the permanent place near yours,
Let my activities of mind be doubly involved,
With your moon like face and become one with you.

Yavanna may nara dasa Dasami drusopi,
Randhra dhudhethi thimira krutha sarva bhava,
Lavnya keli sadanam thava thaava deva,
Lakshmyaa samulkwanitha venu Mukhendu bimbam. 1-38

Even while I am at the end of my life and am in my death bed,
When All the activities of my body have become weak,
Oh God , let your pretty playful face along with,
The soulful music from your flute reside in my mind.

Aalola lochana vilokana keli dhaara,
Nirajithaagra sarane karunambu rase,
Aardhraani venu ninadhai prathi nadha poorai,
Rakarnayami mani noopura sinchithaani. 1-39

Oh merciful one when your wandering eyes,
Examines all and the places in front of you,
Due to the shine from you, it appears as if it is gem studded,
And the music which you play in your flute, turns in to an echo,
And it appears as if it is welcoming you.

Hey deva, Hey dayitha, Hey Jagadeka bandho,
Hey Krishna, Hey Chapala, Hey karunaika sindho,
Hey Nadha , Hey Ramana , Hey Nayanabhi rama,
Haa haa kadhanu bhavithasi padam druso may? 1-40

Hey God, Hey omnipresent one, Hey the only friend of the world,
Hey Krishna, Hey God who changes his mood, Hey sea of mercy,
Hey Lord, Hey God who attracts , Hey God who enthralls the eye,
When will I be able to see your feet?

Amoonya dhanyaani , dhinantharaani,
Hare , twadhaloka namantharena,
Anadha bandho , karunaika sindho,
Ha hantha, Ha hantha kadam nayami? 1-41

Hey friend of Orphans, Hey sea of mercy,
The days that I spend without being able to see you,
Oh Lord are extremely difficult to spend,
So God, so God , What will I do further?

KImaha srunuma kasya brooma kadham kruthamaasaya,
Kadhayatha kadhaamanyam dhanyamaho hrudayesaya,
Madhura madhura smerakare mano nayanothsave ,
Krupana krupanaa Krushna thrushnaa chiram bhatha lambathe. 1-42

For a very long time the love for Krishna ,
Who is sweet , has a sweet smile and a festival for the eyes,
Has been dominating my mind and so how can I ever hear,
Advice about worshipping Gods ,other than the king of my heart?

Aabhyaam vilochanaabhyaa ,
Mambhuja dala lalitha lochanam baalam,
Dwabhyamapi parirabhdham,
Dhoore mama hantha, daiva samagri. 1-43

Though I have the desire to see with my eyes,
The child with, pretty lotus like eyes permanently,
The blessings of God for fulfilling that wish,
Alas is far ,far away from my hands.

AAsrantha smithamarunarunadharoshtam,
Harshadhra guna manogna venu geetham,
Vibhramyad vipula vilochanardha mugdham,
Veekshishye thava vadanambhujam kadhaanu? 1-44

When will I be able to see your lotus like face,

Which is always smiling and has reddish lips,
Which when playing music with flute is happy,
Which is always moving and which is very pretty,
And with the two pretty eyes resembling blue lotus.

Leelayathabhyam rasa sheethalabhyaam,
Neelarunabhyaam nayanambhujabhyam,
Aalokayed adbhutha vibhramabhyaam,
Kale kadhaa karunika kisoraa. 1-45

When will the merciful God, look at me with his eyes,
Which are playful, which are cooling in effect,
Which are bluish red, which resemble a lotus flower,
And which is ornamented , due to wonderful playfulness.

Bahula chikura bharam, badha pinchavathamsam,
Chapala chapala nethram, charu bimbadaroshtam,
Madhu mrudula hasam , mandharodhara seelam,
Mrugayathi nayanam may mugdha vesham murare. 1-46

Oh God who plays the lute, I keep on hunting for your face,
Which is having, a big crop of hair,
Which is decorated , by peacock feathers,
Which has eyes, that keep on shifting,
Which has red pretty lips, similar to Bimba* fruits,
Which has a soft smile , which is similar to honey,
And which at first look itself appears as generous.
* A fruit which is got deep red flesh

Bahula jala cchayaa choram vilasa bharaalasam,
Madha shikha leelothamsam manogna mukham bujam,
Kimapi kamala paangadhagram, prapana jagajjitham,
Madhurima paripakodhrekam vayam mrugayamahsa. 1-47

I am hunting for the lord, who is the well matured sweetness,
Whose shine wins over the water laden black clouds,
Who is extremely playful , who decorates his hair with peacock feathers,
Who has a mind stealing lotus like face , who steals the glances of Goddess Lakshmi,
And who takes care of all his devotees of this universe.

Paramrusyam dhoore parishadhi muneenaam vruja vadhoo,
Drusaam drusyam saswath thribhuvana manohaari vadhanam,
Anamrusyam vaachamanidhamudhayanapi kadhaa,
Dhareedrusyedevam dhara dhalitha neelolpala nibham. 1-48

Though only distantly referred to by great sages,
He is seen by the young ladies of Vruja country,
With ever glowing face that bewitches the three worlds,
And with a body which looks like a slightly open blue lotus,
And when will this poor man be able to see him like that.

Leelambujanana madheeramudheekshamanam,
Narmaani venu vivareshu nivesayantham,
Lolaya mana nayanamm nayanabhi ramam,
DEvam kadha nu dhayitham vyathi lokayishye. 1-49

In this present time, when will I be able to see the God,
Who has a pretty lotus like face, who often sees all the four sides,
Who keeps on playing in his flute , different Ragas* as he pleases,
Who has ever shifting looks and who has extremely bewitching eyes.
*tunes

Lagnam muhoor manasi lampata sampradhaya,
Rekhava lekhini rasagna manogna vesham,
Lajjanmrudhu smitha Madhu snapithaa dharamsu,
Rakendu lalitha mukhendu mukunda balyam. 1-50

The pretty full moon like face of Mukunda* admired by the moon himself,
During his youth, clings to the mind of mine, who am an expert libertine,
And an expert in line drawings and his very shy face with a gentle smile
Which spreads to his lips is acting like honey on me.
* Another name of Lord Krishna

Ahimakara kara nikara mrudhu mrudhitha Lakshmi,
Sarasa thara sarasiruha sarasa drusi deve,
Vruja yuvathi rathi kalaha vijaya nija leela,
Madha mudhitha vadana sasi madhurimani leeye. 1-51

Let me get dissolved with him, who has moon like glowing face,
As a result of his victory in a lover's tiff with a Vruja maiden,
And the one with a very happy eyes similar to the lotus flower,
Which have just opened due to the emerging heat of sun light.

Kara kamala dalitha lalitha thara vamsee,
Kala ninadh gala mrutha Ghana sarasi deve,
Sahaja rasa bhara bharithadha rahasitha vechi,
SAthatha vahadha dhara mani madhurimani leeye. 1-52

Let me get merged in the sweetness of Krishna,
Who completes the surroundings by the musical notes,
Starting from his flute controlled by his lotus like hands,

And who has jewel like lips which always wear,
A wave of smile due to his ever joyous nature,

Kusuma sara sara samara a kupitha madha gopee,
Kucha kalasa gusruna rasa lasa durasi deve,
Madha lalitha mrudu hasitha mushitha sasi shobha,
Muhooradhika mukha kamala madhurimani leeye. 1-53

Let me get merged in the sweetness of Krishna,
Who has a chest coated with the juice of sandalwood,
From the breasts of Gopis who were angry in the love fight,
Started by the arrows of flower of the God of love,
And who has a lotus like face which is pretty,
And adorned with a smile and beats the full moon's shine.

Aanamra masitha broovorupachithaa maksheena pakshmangure,
Shwaa lolaa manuraginorna nayorardhram mrudhou jalpithe,
Aathamra madharamruthe mada kalaamaamlanavam sirave,
Shwasathe mama lochanam vruja siso moorthim jagan mohinim. 1-54

Oh Child of Vruja clan , may my eyes permanently see pretty form of yours ,
Whose eye brows are pretty and curved like the bow of the God of love,
Whose eye brow hairs are thick, whose eyes which bear the devotion of devotes,
And the passion of the Gopi maidens , who keeps shifting glances always,
Whose indistinct prattle is ebbing with the essence of kindness,
Whose lips which ooze out nectar are deep red in colour,
Whose music coming out from the flute is heard permanently,
And his body which is black like a dark cloud is bewitching the world.

Thath kaisoram , thacha vakthraaravindam,
Thath karunyam, theu cha leela kadaksha,
Thath soundaryam saa cha mandasmitha sree,
Sathyam sathyam durlabham daivatheshu. 1-55

His childishness, his lotus like face,
His kindness , his playful looks,
His handsomeness , his pretty smile,
Truly and truly are not seen with any other God.

Viswopa plava samanai ka badha dheeksham,
Viswasa sthabhakitha chethasaam janaanaam,
Pasyama prathi nava kanthi kundhalardhram,
Pasyama padhi padhi saisavam murare. 1-56

I am able to see your child like form Oh Murari*,
Who has taken a resolution to destroy all people who are bad,

And to protect all those, who believe in him without any other thought,
And who is pretty and has shining and fabulous hair.
* killer of Mura, a name of Krishna

Moulischandraka bhooshanaa marakatha sthambhabhi ramam vapor,
Vakthram chithra vimugdha hasa madhuram , bale vilole drusou,
Vacha saisava sheethalaa madha gaja slaghyaa vilasa sthithir,
Mandham mandha maye ka yesha madhuraa veedhimitho gaahathe. 1-57

Who is that person who walks in the streets of Mathura,
Who is walking slowly and prettily like an elephant in rut,
Whose hair is decorated by peacock feathers,
Who resembles a pure pillar made of emerald ,
Who is a pretty child like a picture with his smile,
Who keeps on changing according to circumstances,
And whose words of prattle are very pleasant.

Padhou paadha vinirjitha bhuja vanou padmalayalankruthou,
Paanee venu vinodhana pranayinou paryaptha shilpa sriyou,
Baahu dohada bhaajanam mrukha drusam, madhurya dhara giro,
Vakthram vag vibhavaathi langithamaho, balam kimethan maha. 1-58

Is this halo of light , that of a young boy,
Whose portion of feet which is decorated by goddess Lakshmi,
Beats hollow a crowd of lotus flowers,
Whose hands interested in playing the flute,
Appear as if they are showing dancing poses,
Whose hands show passion to the doe eyed damsels,
Whose words appear to be a rain of sweetness,
And whose face is beyond capacity of words to describe.

Barham nama vibhooshanam bahumatham veshaya seshairalam,
Vakthram dwi thrivisesha kanthi lahari vinyasa dhanyadharam,
Sheelai ralpa dhiya magamya vibhavai srungara bango mayam,
Chithram chhitramaho vichithramaho chithram vichithram maha. 1-59

As he likes to decorate himself with peacock feathers,
All other ornaments appear not necessary to him,
And his face is decorated by different types of thilakas*,
And also due to pretty lips it is a flood of light,
These indeed are surprising and his pretty bewitching form,
Is making ,even the dull headed ones in to devotees.
*decorative dot put in the forehead.

Agre samagrayathi kaamapi keli Lakshmi,
Manyasu dhishvapi vilochanameva sakshi,

Ha hantha hastha pada dhooramaho kimetha,
Daseeth Kisoramayamamba jagathrayam may. 1-60

What a wonder that the indescribable pretty play of Lord Krishna,
Is set in front of me and also on all my sides and my eye is the witness for this,
And oh mother , to me all the three worlds are full of that child,
But alas I am not able to touch him or embrace him with my hands.

Chikuram bahulam viralam bramaram,
Mrudhulam vachanam vipulam nayanam,
Adharam madhuram vadanam lalitham,
Chapalam charitham cha kadhanu bhave. 1-61

When would I be able to experience Lord Krishna's,
Thick set hairs, very broad forehead,
Very soft spoken words, very broad eyes,
Sweet enriched lips, pretty face and listless walk.

Paripalaya na krupalayethyasakrujjalpitha maathmabhandawa,
Murali mrudula swananthare vibhurakarnayithaa kadhaa nu na. 1-62

When I beseech the friend of my soul several times "Please look after me",
How will it ever reach his ears, as he is always sweetly singing his flute?

Kadha nu kasyaam nu vipaddhasayaam,
Kaisora Gandhi karunambudhir na,
Vilochanaabhyaam vipulayathaabhyaam,
Vyalokayishyan vishayee karothi? 1- 63

In times of which danger, would,
The sea of mercy with the childish splendour,
See with his very broad and long eyes
Survey our problems and solve them?

Madhura madhura bimbe , manjulam manda hase,
Sisiramamrutha vakye , seethalam drushi pathe,
Vipulamaruna nethre , visrutham venu nadhe,
Marakatha mani neelam Balam aalokayaama. 1-64

I will surely see the boy with the blue colour of emerald,
Who has very sweet red lips, who has very pretty smile,
Who has cool nectar like words, the look of whose eyes is cool,
Whose eyes are broad and red, and whose music with flute is famous.

Maadhuryadhapi madhure,
Manmadha thathasya kimapi kaisoram,

Chapalyadhapi chapalam,
Chetho mama harathi hantha kim karma? 1-65

Sweeter than the sweetest,
More unstable than the most unstable,
Is the youth of Krishna, the father of love God,
And it has completely stolen my mind. What will I Do?

Vaksha sthale cha vipulam nayanothpale cha,
Mandasmithe cha mrudulam madha jalpithe cha,
Bimbadhare cha madhuram muralee rave cha,
Balam vilasa nidhi maakalaye kadha nu? 1-66

When I would be lucky to see the child ,
Who is the treasure of playfulness,
Who has a broad chest as well as eyes,
Who is soft in his talk and in his teasing of others,
And who is sweet in his lips as well as in the music from his flute.?

Maara swayam nu madhura dhyuthi mandalam nu,
Madhuryameva nu mano nayanamrutham nu,
Vaneemra janu mama jeevitha vallabho nu,
Baloysmabhyudhyathe mama lochanaya. 1-67

This boy who appears in front of my eyes,
Is he the god of love, is he the sweet moon's face,
Is he sweetness personified, is he the nectar before my eyes and mind,
Is he an ornament for words, is he the help for my life?

AArdhravalokitha dhayaparinadha nethra,
Mavishkrutha smitha sudhaa madhuradharoshtam,
Aadhyam pumamsa mavathamsitha barhi barha,
Maalokayanthi kruthina krutha punya punja. 1-68

Only those who have accumulated good deeds can see,
Him who has a melting look and who has eyes full of mercy,
Him who has sweet lips from which his smile breaks out,
Him who is primeval and he who wears the peacock feather.

Baloya malola vilochanena,
Vakthrena chithrikrutha dingmukhena,
Veshena goshachitha bhooshananena,
Mugdhena dugdhenayanothsavam na, 1-69

My eyes are celebrating a festival,

Due to this boy's ever shifting eyes,
Due to his face which is picture perfect,
And due to his dress which is suitable for cow herds.

Andholithagra bhujamakula nethra leelaa,
Mardhra smithar dhrava vadanambhuja chandra bimbam,
Sinjena bhooshana satham sikhi pincha moulim,
Seetham vilochana rasayana mabhuyupaithi. 1-70

Coming towards me is a principle , who is nectar to the eye,
Who keeps on shaking his hands, who rotates his eye,
Whose face with its melting smile resembles the moon,
Who wears ornaments making sound and wears peacock feathers on his head.

Pasupala pala parishad vibhooshanam,
Sisuresha sheethala viloloa lochana,
Mrudula smithardra vadanendu sampada,
Madhayan madheeya hrudayam vigahathe, 1-71

My heart is churned by that God,
Who is the ornament to the group of cowherds,
Who has cool and always moving eyes,
And whose face is adorned by a pretty smile.

Thaditha mupanatham thamala neelam,
Tharala vilochana tharabhi ramam,
Mudhitha mudhitha vakthra chandra bimbam,
Makharitha venu vilasi jeevitham may. 1-72

In front of my eyes always stands Lord Krishna,
Who is as blue as a dark thamala* tree,
Who is very pretty with his ever shifting eyes,
Who has a face similar to the very happy moon,
And who is the soul for the music from his flute.
* tree with a very dark bark

Chapalya seema chapalanubhavaika seema,
Chathurya seema chathuranana shilpa seema,
Sourabhya seema sakaladhbutha keli seema,
Soubhagya seema thadhidham vruja bhagya seema. 1-73

He is the upper limit to changing behaviour,
An upper limit to the pleasure of Goddess Lakshmi,
An upper limit to sharp capabilities,
An upper limit to creation of Lord Brahma,
An upper limit to the good scent,

An upper limit to the wonderful play,
An upper limit to good luck,
And an upper limit to the luck of Vruja bhoomi.

Madhuryena dwiguna sisuram vakthrachandram vahanthi,
Vamsee veedhi vigaladha amrutha srothasaa sechayanthi,
Madvaneenaam viharanapadam matha soubhagya bhaajaam,
Math punyaanaam parinathiraho nethroyo sannidathe. 1-74

He who has a face which is twice colder and prettier than the moon,
He who through the music of his flute waters the streets with nectar,
And he who is the subject of my words is the personification of my luck,
And the good deeds done by me earlier and is standing before me.

Thejasesthu namo dhenu paline, loka paline,
Radhapayodarothsanga sayine, sesha sayine. 1-75

Salutations to the cowherd who looks after this world,
Salutations to he who sleeps on the breasts of Radha as well as Adhi sesha,

Dhenupala dhayothaasthana sthali,
Dhanya kunkuma nadha kanthaye,
Venu Geetha gathi moola vedhase,
Thejase thadidhamom namo nama. 1-76

I salute and salute Lord Krishna who shines due to chest being coated,
With the saffron paste from the breasts of the cowherd maidens during love play,
And who is the primeval force playing the divine flute.

Mrudhukwana noopura mandharena , balena padambuja pallavena,
Anuswanan manjula venu Geetha maayaathi may jeevithamatha keli. 1-77

Coming towards me is the boy who is like my soul,
Who dances slowly with anklets tied to his lotus like feet,
Which is in tune with the very musical notes from his flute.

Soyam vilasa murali ninaadhaamruthena,
Sinjinnu danchithamidham mama karna yugmam,
Aayathi may nayana bandhur ananya bandhu,
Rananda kandalitha keli kadaksha lakshya. 1-78
Lord Krishna who can be seen by joyous side long glances
And who is the only relative of those who do not have anybody,
Is coming here with the nectar of pretty music,
From his flute which I am trying to listen,

Dooradwilokayathi varana khela gami,

Dhara kadaksha barithena vilochanena,
Aardhupaithihrudayangama venu nadha,
Veni dhugena dasanavaranena deva. 1-79

I am being watched by his eyes full of enthusiasm,
From the distance by that God,
Who walks playfully like an elephant ,
And then with bewitching music from his flute,
Along with sweet lips , he is coming near me.

Tribhuvana sarasabhyam divya leela kalabhyam,
Drusi drusi sisirabhyaam deeptha bhoosha padabhyam,
Asarana saranabhyam madhbuthabhuyam padabhyam,
Ayamaya manukoojadwenu raayathi Deva. 1-80

Walking with his wonderful feet accompanied,
By the music that he sings in the flute is Lord Krishna,
Who makes people of all the three worlds happy,
Who engages himself in several different sports,
Who makes people happy and cool by his sight,
Who shines with several ornaments that he wears,
And who is the protector of those who do not have any one.

Soyam muneendra jana manasa thapa haari,
Soyam madha vruja vadhoovasanapahari,
Soyam trutheeya bhuvaneswara dara hari,
Soyam madheeya hrudhyambhuruhapa hari. 1-81

He is the one who removes pains of the mind of sages,
He is the one who stole the dress of the proud Vruja maidens,
He is the one who stole the pride of Indra, the king of devas,
And he is the one who entered my mind and stole it.

Sarvagnathwe cha maughdhye cha saarva bhoumamidham mama,
Nirvisan nayanam thejo nirvana padamasnuthe. 1-82

After searching and finding this light who is the emperor,
Of the who knows everything and of the who does not know anything,
My eyes are enjoying the sweetness of salvation.

Krishnana methath punaruktha shobha,
Mushne tharamsorudhayam mukhendho,
Trushnamburasim dwigunee karothi,
Krishna hwayam kinchanajeevitham may. 1-83

My indescribable life of life

Is called Krishna with its moon like face,
Is spreading coolness like the real moon,
And is doubling the moon light on all sides
And makes my sea of desire overflow doubly.

Thadhe thadhathara vilochana sri,
Sambhavitha sesha vinamra vargam,
Muhur murarermadhuradharoshtam,
Mukhambhujam chumbathi manasam may. 1-84

My mind kisses again and again the lotus like face,
With its pretty divine red eyes,
And with a very sweet lips
And makes all the devotees happy.

Karou saradhdanchithambhuja vilasa shiksha guru,
Padhou vibhudha padapa pradhama pallovllanginou,
Drusou dalitha durmadha tribhuvanopamana sriyou,
Vilokaya vilochanamruthamaho mahachisavam 1-85

Please enjoy the great childish look .which is the nectar to the eye,
Of hands that teach the beauty of the lotus flower in the autumn,
Of his feet that beats the light of the tender leaves of wish giving tree of deva loka,
And of his eyes that beats all comparable things in the world with its beauty.

Aachinwanamahanya hani saakaraanvihara kraama,
Narundhanamarundathi hrudayam apyardhrasmithasya sriya,
Aathanwana manaya janma nayana slaghya managhyam dasa,
Mamandham vruja sundari sthana thati samrajyamujrumbathe. 1-86

Before my eyes grows fast the Krishna principle,
Which is engaged in newer and newer plays every day,
Which due to his pretty face wearing cooling smile , melts even the heart of Arundathi,
And the prettiness of which is being appreciated by the love God himself,
And which for ever lives in the breasts of pretty ladies of Vruja clan.

Samuchwaseetha youvanm tharala saisavalankrutham,
Madhchasooritha lochanam madana mandahasa mrutham,
Prathikshana vilokanam pranaya peetha vamsee mukham,
Jaga thraya vimohanm, jayathu mamakam jeevitham. 1-87

Victory to Lord Krishna who is my life,
For when the buds of youth comes out from him,
The ornaments and decorations of childhood slips away,
And he has that which shine with feelings of passion,
And he has the nectar of smile of love which makes others swoon,

His looks change every moment and are new always,
He has a mouth which drinks the music of love from his flute,
And he attracts and bewitches all the three worlds.

Chithram, thadethath charanaravindam,
Chithram thdethan nayanaravindam,
Chithram thadethath vadanaravindam,
Chithram thadethath pnaramba chithram. 1-88

Wonderful are the lotus feet of Krishna appearing before me,
Wonderful are the lotus like eyes of Krishna appearing before me,
Wonderful are the lotus like face of Krishna appearing before me,
And Oh mother everything about Lord Krishna is wonderful.

Akhila bhuvanaika bhooshana,
Madhi bhooshitha jaladhiduhithru kucha kumbham,
Vruja yuvathi hara vallee,
Marathaka nayakamaha manim vande. 1-89

I salute lord Krishna who is the emerald gem,
In the middle of the garland of the Vruja maidens,
And who is the ornament for the breasts of Goddess Lakshmi
And also an ornament for the entire universe.

Kanthaa kucha Grahana vigraha badha Lakshmi,
Khandanga raga rasa ranjitha manjula sree,
Ganda sthalee mukura mandala khela mana,
Gharmanguram kimapi kelathi Krishna theja. 1-90

One ball of light called Krishna is playing before me,
And when he holds the hair of Rukhmani and trying to kiss her neck,
She hugs him tightly and a part of the red sandal paste,
In her body attaches to the blue body of his,
And in his mirror like cheeks the sweat drops are playing.

Madhuram madhuram vapurasya vibhor,
Madhuram madhram vadanam madhuram,
Madhu gandhe mrudu smithametha daho,
Madhuram madhuram madhuram Madhram. 1-91

The body of this lord is sweeter than sweetest,
His face with its slow smile and with the scent of honey,
Is sweet to me and is sweeter than sweetest,
Sweet, sweet, sweet and sweet.

Srungara rasa sarrvaswam shiki pincha bhooshanam,

Angeekruthanaraa kaaraa masraye bhuvanasrayam. 1-92

I surrender to him whom the worlds surrender,
Who is the entire essence of love,
Who decorates himself with peacock feathers,
And who is born as a human being due to his will.

Naadhyaapi pasyathikadachana darsanena,
Chithena chopa nishadaa sudrusaam sahasram,
Sa thwam chiramnayanoyaranyo padavyaam,
Swamin kayaa nu krupaya mama sannihathse. 1-93

Oh Lord , why is it that you , who is not visible,
To the great scholars of Sasthras and Upanishads,
And are great due to their great minds,
But appear in front of my ordinary eyes,
And are staying a long time there,
Without any reason or cause.

Keyam kanthi Kesava Thwan mukhendo,
Koayam vesha kopi vachama bhoomi,
Seyam seyam swadhuthaa manjula sree,
Bhooyo bhooyo bhooyasasthwam namami. 1-94

Oh Kesava, how shall I describe the light in your moon like face,
How shall I describe to others your present form,
That light and that body are sweet and pretty,
And again, again and again I salute them.

Vadanendu vinirjjitha sasee,
Dasadha deva, padam prapadhyathe,
Adhikaam sriyamasnuthe thraraam,
Thava karunya vijjrumbitham kiyath. 1-95

How can I describe your great mercy,
Because the moon being defeated by your face,
Lost all its pride and appeared in your ten nails of your feet,
And is getting much more brilliance than he ever had.

Ththwan mukham kadhami vabhja samana kukshyam,
Vang maadhuri bahula parva kala samrudham,
Thath kim bhaven mam param bhuvanaika kantham,
Yasya thwad aanana samaa sushamaa sada syath. 1-96

Your face which is complete with several crescents of sweet words,
Can never be compared to the moon rising from the sea or to the lotus?

How can I ever describe its prettiness and if I need some thing to compare it,
I should combine all the pretty things in the world and try.

Susrooshase yadi vacha srunu maamakeenaam,
Poorvair Poorva kavibhirna kadakshitham yath,
Neerajana karma madhurambhavananondho,
Nirvyaja mahathi chiraya sasi pradheepa. 1-97

If you want to hear great words which were not told,
And if you want to hear them from me, please hear.
The moon can become a light and take up the job,
Of doing neerajanam* to your face ,without any expectation for a long time.
* Worship with lighted lamp

Akhanda nirvana rasa pravahair,
Veekhandeethaa sesha rasantharaani,
Niyanthritho dwandha sudharnavaani,
Jayanthi sheethaani thava smithani. 1-98

Your smile which is the broad flow of the extract of salvation,
Blows away the sweetness of every other thing known to us,
And is the place where the sea of the nectar stays,
And are cooling my eyes and are victorious.

Kamam santhu sahasrasa kathi paye swarasyadhoureyakaa,
Kamam vaa kamneeyathaa parinathi swa rajya badha vruthaa,
Thairnaiva vivadhamahe na cha vayam deva, priyam bhroomahe,
Yath sathyamramaneeyathaa parinathisthwayeva paaram gathaa. 1-99

Oh God, let there be few or thousands of very lucky people,
Let there be very many people competing to be most pretty,
Let the God of love , Indra and others compete for this,
But I do not consider them as some one worth competing,
For telling the real truth, in prettiness or in being lucky,
Being in their acme, it is only in you and you only.

Mandhara moolre madanabhi ramm,
Bimbadhara pooritha venu nadham,
Gogopa gopi jna madhya samstham,
Gopam Bhajegokula poorna chandram. 1-100

I pray , that cowherd who is the full moon of Gokula,
Who is more attractive than love God
Sitting below wish giving tree,
And playing the flute sweetly,
And is in between cows, Gopis and Gopas

Galad vreelaa llaa madana vanithaa, gopa vanithaa,
Maduspeetham geetham kimapi madhuraaschaapaladhuraa,
Samrujrumbha gumbhaa madhurimagiraam maadrusa giraam,
Thwayi sthane jathe dhadhathi chapalam janma saphalam. 1-101

My listless life has become one of great success,
Because of your birth ,which made the passionate Gopis,
Crowding around you without shyness for a love play,
While the music they sung is dripping sweet like honey,
And your playfulness was even sweet for great yogis,
And words of mine have become sweet like those of a poet.

Bhuvanam bhavanam vilasinee sree,
Sthanayou thamara sasasna smarancha,
Paricharaparam paraa surendraa,
Sthadhapi thwacharitham vibho vichithram. 1-102

Your history is very strange Oh God,
For your home is this world, your lover Lakshmi Devi,
Your sons are Lord Brahma and the God of love Manmatha,
And your servants are devas along with their king.

Deva sthree lokee soubhagya, Kasthuree thilakangura,
Jiyad vrujanga nananga,Keli lalitha Vibhrama. 1-103

Let Victory be that of Krishna , who with his musk thilaka,
Is the great ornament for all the three worlds,
And he is the one who is interested in love play with Vruja maidens.

Premadancha may, Kamadancha may,
Vedanancha may Vaibhavancha may,
Jeevanancha may, jeevithancha may,
Daivathancha may deva , naa aparam. 1-104

There is no god for me except lord Krishna,
Who gives me love, who gives me passion,
Who gives me wisdom, who gives me wealth,
Who gives me soul and also very long life.

Madhryena vijrubathaam,
Vacho na sthava vaibhave,
Chapalyen vivardhantham,
Chintha nasthava saisave. 1-105

Let my words become sweet,

Because I am listing out your greatness,
And let my mind become pure,
Because I am thinking of your plays of childhood.

Yaani thwat charithamruthani rasanaa lehyaani dhanyathmanaam,
Ye vaa saisava chapala vruthikuraa radhaparadhonmukha,
Yaa vaa bhavitha venu geethi gathayo leelaa mukhomburuhe,
Dharaa vahikaya vahanthu hrudhaye thaanyeva may. 1-106

Let the nectar like stories of yours,
That are tasty like juicy food for the blessed,
Your not so suitable plays that you did with Radha,
And the sweetest tunes from your flute,
That came from the mischievous face of yours,
Again and again flow in my mind without stop.

Bhakthiryadhi sthirathaa bhagwan yadi sya-,
Daivena na phalitha divya kisora veshe,
Mukthiswayam mukulitharanjalireva chaasmaan,
Darmartha kama gatha yassamaya pratheekshaa. 1-107

Oh God if I have firm devotion to your child hood form,
Salvation would come and reach me with folded hands,
But dharma , wealth and desires would reach me only ,
At prescribed times and so let my devotion to you be stable.

Jaya jaya jaya deva deva,
Tribhuvana mangala divya nama dheya,
Jaya jaya jaya Bala Krishna deva,
Sravana mano nayanamruthaavatharaa. 1- 108

Victory, victory victory to God,
Whose name brings all the good to the three worlds,
Victory , victory, victory to the God child Krishna ,
Whose incarnation is sweet to hear and see and to the mind.

Thubhyam nirbhara harsha varsha vivasavesa sphutavirbhava-,
Chapalyena vibhooshitheshu sukrutham bhaveshu nirbhasathe,
Srimath gokula mandanaya mahathe vaachaam vidhoora sphura,
Nmadhurya karasarnavaya mahase kasmai chidasmai nama. 1-109

My salutations you , who has come in front of me.
Who is being decorated by torrential rain of happiness,
And shining by the intense desire,
Who is decorated by ebbing childish pranks,
Who appears clearly in the mind of the holy souls,

Who is an ornament for the gokula blessed with wealth,
Who is great and is far beyond the reach of words,
Who is like a sea for happiness and is shining,
And who cannot be adequately described by any one.

Eesana deva charanaabharanenanivee,
Damodhara stirayasastha bakol gamena,
Leela sukhena rachitham Deva, Krishna,
Karnamrutham vahathu kalpa sathantharepi. 1-110

Oh God Krishna, Leelasukha who considers,
The feet of Lord Shiva as his ornament,
And who is desirous of writing a famous prayer,
Addressed to Krishna , who was tied by Yasodha,
Has composed this nectar to the ears of Krishna,
Which he hopes would be sweet to him after billions of years also.

Ithi Sri Krishna karnamruthe Prahama aaswasa samaptha.
Thus ends the first chapter of the "Nectar to the ears of Krishna".

Sri Krishna Karnamrutham
Dwitheeya aaswasa

Nectar to the ears of Lord Krishna
Second chapter

Translated by
P.R.Ramachander

Abhinava navaneetha snighamaapeetha dughdam,
Dadhi kana pari dighdham mugdhamangam murare,
Disathu bhuvana kruchra cchedhi thapincha gucha,
Cchavee nava sikhi pincha lanchitham vanchitham vaa. 2-1

Let our wishes be fulfilled by the pretty form of Lord Krishna,
Whose body shines as he eats new butter and drinks new milk,
Who is pretty being coated with curds all over his body,
Who removes all the great sufferings of the people of three worlds,
Who is of the blue colour of the new tender leaves of mango,
And is decorated prettily by the use of peacock feathers.

Yaam drushtwa Yamunaam pipasura nisam vyooho gavaam gaahathe,
Vidhyuthwanithi neela kanda nivahho yam drushtumulkandathe,
Utham saya thamala pallavamithi chindhathi yam gopik,

Kaanthi kaliya sasanasya vapusha ssaa pavanee pathu na. 2-2

Let us be protected by the splendour of the body Of Krishna,
Which makes crowds of cows to go there to drink water thinking it is Yamuna,
Which makes crowds of peacocks open their feathers and dance thinking it is dark cloud,
Which makes Gopis go near to pinch it for wearing it in their ears thinking it is new leaves of a tree,
And which is the powerful splendour of Krishna, who punished Kaliya serpent.

Deva payath payasi vimale yaamune majjatheenaam,
Yaachanthi naamanu naya padair vanchithanyam shukaani,
Lajja lolai ralasa vilasai runmishathpancha baanair,
Gopa sthreenaamnayana kusumairarchitha Kesavo na. 2-3

Let us be protected by Lord Kesava worshipped by the eyes of Gopis,
Whose dresses were stolen when they were taking bath in the clear Yamuna,
And those Gopis begged to get those dresses back by sweet words,
And slowly loosing their boredom and shyness they sent arrows of love by their eyes.

Mathar natha paramanuchitham yath khalaanaam purastha-,
Dasthasangam jatara pitari porthae varthithasi,
Thath kshanthavyam sahaja sarale , vathsale, vani kuryaam,
Prayachitham guna gana nayaa gopa veshasya vishno. 2-4

Oh mother who is naturally sweet, Oh dear one,
This bad fellow committed a grave mistake ,
By spending some time in your belly and as a ,
Redemption I speak the names and goodness of the cowherd.

Angulyagrai aruna kiranair muktha samruddharandhram,
Vaaram vaaram vadanamaruthaa venu nadha paranna,
Vythyashangrim vikacha kamala cchayaa visthara nethram,
Vande vrundavana sucharitham, nanda gopala soonum. 2-5

I salute the son of Nanda , who made Vrundavana Holy,
Who by his reddish finger tips again and again fills up by air,
In to the flute which has holes which need to be opened and shut again and again,
Who sits cross legged and who has eyes which are like fully open lotus flower.

Mandam mandam madhura ninadair venumapoorayantham,
Vrundam vrundavana bhuvigavaam charayantham charantham,
Chando bhage satha makha mukha dwamsinaam dhanavaanaam,
Hantharam tham kadaya rasane , Gopa kanya bhujangam. 2-6

Please tell us about the sweet heart of the Gopi lasses,
Who slowly and slowly fills the flute with sweet music,

Who slowly drives the cattle herd inside Brindavan.,
Who is the subject mater of Upanishads which is a part of Vedas,
And who kills the asura enemies of Indra and other devas.

Veni mole virachitha Ghana shyama pinchava choodo,
Vidhyulekha valayitha tiva snigdha peethambarena,
Maamaalingan marathaka mani sthambha Gambeera bahu,
Swapnedrushtastharuna Thulasi bhooshano neela megha. 2-7

I saw in my dream that the God with his Thulsi Garland,
And with colour of the blue cloud,
Embraced me tightly using his emerald pillar like hands,
And he had decorated his dense hair with a peacock feather,
And wore a yellow silk round him and appeared as if lightning is surrounded him.

Krishne hruthwaa vasana nichayam koola kunjaadhi roode,
Mugdha kachinmuhurr anayai kinwathi vyaharanthi,
Sabroo bangam sada rahasitham sathrapam saanuraagam,
Cchayaa soure kara thala gathanyamba ranya chakarsha. 2-8

When Krishna took away the bundle of cloths,
And climbed on a tree in the banks of the river,
One young girl with nice words asked him again and again,
With a smile and with bent eye brows and shyness and love
"Why are you doing like this" , and started pulling her dress,
From the hands of Krishna's shadow in the river.

Api janushi parasminnatha punyo bhaveyam,
Thata bhuvi yamunaayaasthaa druso vamsa nala,
Anubhavathi ya yesha srimadhaabhira sthano,
Radharamani sameepanyaasadhanyamavasthaam. 2-9

This flute has experienced the blessed fortunate state,
Of being kept near the lips of the Gopa boy,
And to experience this state in my next life,
Would I be born as a bamboo plant in the shores of Yamuna?

Ayi parichinu chetha pratharambhoja nethram,
Kabara kalitha chanchath pincha dhaamabhi ramam,
Vallabhidupala neelam, vallavi bhaga dheyam
Nikhila nigama valli moola kandam mukundam. 2-10

Oh mind keep on meditating without stop on Mukunda,
Who has eyes like the lotus flower during sun rise,
Who shines due to the peacock feathers in his hair,
Who is as blue as sapphire and is the luck of Gopis,

And who is the root of the collection of Vedas.

Ayi murali , mukunda smera vaktharavinda,
Swasana madhura samgne, thwaam pranamyadhya yache,
Adhara mani sameepam prapthavathyam bhvathwam,
Kadhaya rahasi karnemadrusaam nanda soono. 2-11

Oh flute, who knows the sweet taste of the air.,
Coming, from the smiling lotus like face of Mukunda,
I salute you now and request you who has gone near,
The gem like red lips of the great Lord,
"Tell in the ears of the son of Nanda about my state."

Sajala jaladha neelam , vallavee keli lolam,
Sritha sura tharu moolam, vidhydhullasi chelam,
Nath asura muni jalam, sanmano bimba leelam,
Sura ripu kula kalam,Naumi Gopala balam. 2-12

I salute that child Gopala , who is saluted by seers and devas,
Who is blue like a water rich cloud and likes to play with Gopis,
Who sits below a wish giving tree and looks like a streak of lightning,
Who is death to enemies of devas and plays in mind of good people.

Adhara bimba vidambitha vidhrumam,
Madhura venu ninadha vinodhitham,
Kamala komala kamra mukhambhujam,
Kamapi Gopa kumara mupasmahe. 2-13

I meditate on the incomparable cowherd boy,
Whose reddish lips defeats even the red coral,
Who entertains us with sweet music from his flute,
And who has very pretty face like that of a lotus.

Adhara vinivesya vamsa naalam,
Vivaraanyasya saleelamangulibhi,
Muhoorantharayan muhoorvivrunvan,
Madhuram gayathi Madavo vanathe. 2-14

In the middle of forest Madhava is singing,
Keeping the flute near to his lips,
And keeping his fingers near its holes,
And playfully opening and closing those holes.

Vadane navaneetha gandha vaaham,
Vachana thaskara chathuri dhureenam,
Nayane kuhanasrumaasrayedha,

Scharane Komala thandavam kumaram. 2-15

Please depend on the young boy,
With smell of new butter in his face,
With smartness of a thief in his words,
With false flowing tears in his eyes,
And with pretty dancing steps in his feet.

Amuna kila gopa gopanatham,
Yamunarodhasi nanda nandanena,
Dhamuna vana sambhava pape na,
Kimu naasou saranarthinaam saranya. 2-16

Who can tell that son of Nanda does not save ,
People who take refuge in him,
For to save the cows and cowherds,
In the shores of Yamuna, did he,
Not swallow the fire that erupted?

Jagad aadharaneeya jara bhavam,
Jalajaapathya va vichara gamyam,
Thanuthaam thanuthaam shive tharaanaam,
Sura nadhopala sundaram maho na. 2-17

Let actions other than those good be destroyed,
By the illicit lover appreciated by the world,
By the one who can be attained by thoughts of Brahma,
And one whose splendour is greater than sapphire.

Saa kapi sarva jagathamabhi rama seema,
Kaamaya no bhavathu gopa kisora murthi,
Ya shekare sruthi giraam hrudhi yoga bhaajaam,
Padambhuje cha sulabhaa Vruja sundareenaam. 2-18

Let the Gopa child who can easily be seen
In Upanishads, the acme of Vedas,
And in the heart of those who learn yoga
And in the lotus like feet of Gopi maidens,
And who is inexplicable to the mind
And is the limit of prettiness of the world,
Fulfill all our desires for ever.

Athyantha bala mathaseee kusuma prakasam,
Digvasasam kanaka bhooshana bhooshithangam,
Vithrastha kesamarunaa dharaya thaksham,
Krishnam namami manasa Vasudeva sioonum. 2-19

With my mind I salute Krishna, the son of Vasudeva,
As a very small child , as one who is black as the Athasi* flowers,
As the one who wears no cloths as a child, who wears ornaments of gold,
And as the one who has untied hair and one with reddish lips.
*A dark flower. Do not know present name.

Hasthangri nikwanitha kankana kinkineekam,
Madhye nithambhamavalambitha hema soothram,
Mukthaa kalapa muklikrutha kaka paksham,
Vandamahe vraja charam Vasueva bhagyam. 2-20

I salute the son of Vasudeva who wanders in Vruja,
Who has jingle making bangles in hand and feet,
Who has a golden thread tied around his hips,
And whose hair is tied by a golden bead chain.

Vrundavane drumathaleshu gavaam ganeshu,
Vedavasana samayeshu cha drusyathe yath,
Thad venu vadhana param shikhi pincha choodam,
Brahma smarami kamalekshanamabra neelam. 2-21

I meditate on the divine concept, who has lotus like eyes,
Who is sky blue in colour, who can be easily located,
Below trees of Brindavan , in the midst of herds of cows,
And in the Upanishads the end of Vedas, who always plays flute,
And who ornaments his braids of hair with peacock feathers.

Vyathyastha pada mavathamsi tha barhi barham,
Sachee kruthanana nivesitha Venurandhram,
Theja param parama karunikam purasthath,
Prana prayana samayemama sannidathaam. 2-22

When my soul is leaving the body, let the God be there,
Who keeps his feet differently, who decorates his hair with peacock feathers,
Who keeps the holes of the flute in his slightly bent face,
Who is greatly merciful and who is of the form of light.

Ghosha pragosha samanaya madho gunena,
Madhye babandha janani nava neetha choram,
Thath bandhanam trijagathamudharasrayena,
Maakrosa karanamaho, nitharaam bhabhoova. 2-23

In Gokula , to satisfy the loud complaints against Krishna,
His mother tied him at the belly with the rope used to tie cows.
But that tying, troubled all the three worlds in his belly,

And became reason for very loud complaints from everywhere.

Saiva vayam na khalu thathra vicharaneeyam,
Panchaksharee japa paraa nitharaam thadapi,
Chetho madheeya mathasi kusumava bhasam,
Smerananam smarathi Gopa vadhoo kisoram. 2-24

We are the followers of Shiva, without any doubt,
And are interested in chanting the five letter, "Namashivaya",
But in spite of that my mind is always thinking of,
The son of Yasodha , who is of the colour of Athasi flowers.

Radhaa punathu jgad Achyutha datha chitha,
Mandhaanamakulayathee dadhi riktha pathre,
Thasya sthana sthabhaka chanchala lola drushtir,
Devopi dohanadhiya vrushabham nirundhan. 2-25

Giving away her mind to Krishna , Radha was,
Churning for butter in a vessel without any curd,
And seeing intently her flower bunch like breasts,
The God tied a bull for milking and let both of them make us pure.

Godhooli dhoosarithakomala kunthalagram,
Govardhanodharana keli krutha prayasam,
Gopi janasya kucha kunkumamudhrithangam,
Govinda mindu vadanam saranam Vrujama. 2-26

I completely surrender to the moon faced Govinda,
Whose hair is coated with dust raised by the hooves of cows,
Who is looking tired as he has lifted the Govardhana Mountain,
And whose body has the marks of the Kokum from the breasts of Gopis.

Yadhromandhra paripoorthi vidhava dakshaa,
Varaha janmani bhabhoovuramee samudhra,
Tham nama nadhamaravinda drusam Yasodha,
Panidwayanthara jalai snapayaam bhabhoova. 2-27

The sea waters were not even able fill the hair follicles,
Of him when he incarnated as the boar,
But now Yasoda is easily able to give him bath,
With two hand full of water to him with the lotus eye.

Varamima mupadesa madhri yadhwam,
Nigama vaneshu nithantha chara khinna,
Vichinutha bhavaneshu vallaveenaa,
Mukhanishadartha mulookhale nibhadham. 2-28

Oh, learned ones who have become tired ,
Due to traveling in the forest of Vedas,
Please hear my advice and search ,
For the meaning of Upanishads,
As some one tied to a mortar in Gopi's homes.

Devaki thanaya poojana pootha,
Poothanaari charanodhaka doutha,
Yadyaham smrutha dhananjaya sootha,
Kim karishyathi sa may Yama dhootha. 2-29

When I become pure by worship of the son of Devaki,
When I am sinless due to the holy water from the Feet of the killer of Poothana,
And manage to keep in my mind the Charioteer of Arjuna,
What can the messenger of God of death do to me.

Bhasathaam bhava bhayaika bheshajam,
Manase mama muhur muhur muhu,
Gopa vesha mupasedusha swayam,
Yapi kapi ramaneeyatha vibho. 2-30

Having taken the role of cowherd himself,
The Lord is a wonder which cannot be explained,
And is the only medicine for the sufferings of this world,
And so let him again, again and again shine in my mind.

Karnalambitha Kadamba manjaree,
Kesar aruna kapola mandalam,
Nirmalam nigama vaga gocharam,
Neelimaana mavalokayamahe, 2-31

We are able to see the blue coloured Krishna,
Whose cheeks are tinged red due to the,
Kadamba flower bunches hanging in his ear,
Who is pure and who is beyond the reach of words.

Sachi sanjalitha lochanothpalam,
Sami kudmalitha komalaadharam,
Vegavathgitha karangulee mukham,
Venu nadha rasikam bhajamahe, 2-32

I worship Krishna who enjoys music from flute,
Who moves his blue lotus like eyes sideways,
Who has the bud like lips divided in to two,
And who moves his fingers with the speed of the notes.

Syandhane garuda manditha dwaje,
Kundine satha nayanadhiropitha,
Kena china vathamala pallava,
Syamalena purushena neeyathe. 2-33

I am seeing in front of my eyes that,
Rukhmani the princess of Kundinapura,
Is being taken in a chariot with an eagle flag,
By a man with the black colour of young leaves of Mango.

Ma yatha paandha padhi bheemaradhyaam,
Digambara kopi thamala neela,
Vinyastha hasthopi nithabha bimbe,
Doortha samakarshathichitha vitham. 2-34

Oh wayfarers , please do not go by this path,
For by the side of Bheemaradhi river stands a bad man,
Who is nude , who is blue like new leaf of mango tree,
Who is locking his hands behind his back,
And who is capable of stealing your mind and wealth.

Anganam anganam anthare Madhavo,
Madhavam Madhavam cha antharenangana,
Ithama kalpithe mandale madhyaka,
Sanjakou Venunaa Devaki nandana. 2-35

Madhava in between a lady and another lady,
A lady between one Madhava and another Madhava,
And in between the round created like this,
The son of Devaki played flute extremely well.

Keki kekadhruthaneka pangeruhaa,
Leena hamsavali hruthyatha hrudhyatha,
Kamsa vamsatavee daha dhaavaanalaa,
Sanjakou Venunaa Devaki nandana. 2-36

The son of Devaki who was the fire,
That burns the forest of Kamsa's clan,
Played his flute extremely well ,
Which made the peacocks to make sounds,
And increased the happiness of the group of swans,

Kwapi veenaabhi raaraa veena kambitha,
Kwapi veenabhiraa kinkini narthitha,
Kwapi veenabhiramantharam gapitha,

Sanjakou Venunaa Devaki nandana. 2-37

In one place he is made to shake by those playing the music of Veena,
In one place he is egged to dance with his anklets to the music of Veena,
In one place he is made to sing along with the music of veena,
And the son of Devaki played flute extremely well.

Charu chandravali lochanai schumbhitho,
Gopa go vrunda gopalika vallabha,
Vallavee vrunda vrundaraka kamuka,
Sanjakou Venunaa Devaki nandana. 2-38

Being kissed in the eye by pretty damsels with the face of moon,
And being the Lord of Gopas, herds of cows and Gopi maidens,
And being the lover and a sweet God for the groups of Vallava maidens,
The son of Devaki played flute extremely well.

Mouli maalaa Milan matha brungee latha,
Bheetha bheetha priyaa vibhramalingitha,
Srastha gopee kuchaa boga sammelitha,
Sanjakou Venunaa Devaki nandana. 2-39

Due to the exuberant bees flying ,
Around the flowers that he wears on his head,
His sweethearts were scared and embraced him with nervousness,
And when their upper cloth slipped he made the embrace passionate,
The son of Devaki played flute extremely well.

Charu chamekaraa bhasa bhamaa vibhur,
Vaijayanthi latha vaasi thorasthala,
Nanda vrundavane vasithaa madhyagaa,
Sanjakou Venunaa Devaki nandana. 2-40

Being the husband of the very pretty golden Rukhmani,
And his chest being scented as he wears a garland called Vaijayanthi,
And living in between Gopis in the gardens of Nanda
The son of Devaki played flute extremely well.

Balikaa thalikaa thala leelaalayaa,
Sanga sandarsitha brullaltha vibhrama,
Gopikaa Geetha dathavadhana swayam,
Sanjakou Venunaa Devaki nandana. 2-41

Being the one who keeps on moving his eye brows,
As per the beat of clapping and play by the young girls,
Being the one who plays flute along with songs by Gopis,

The son of Devaki played flute extremely well.

Parijatham samudhruthya radhavayo,
Roopaya masa bhasaa gunairrangane,
Sheetha sheethe vate yaamunieeya thate,
Sanjakou Venunaa Devaki nandana. 2-42

In the courtyard of Rukmani,
Who is similar in beauty and age to Radha,
Sitting below a banyan tree in the banks of Yamuna,
The son of Devaki played flute extremely well.

Agre deerga tharoya marjuna tharu sthasygratho varthini,
Saagosham samupaithi thath parisare dese kalindathmajam,
Thasya stheerathamala kanana thale chakram gavam charayan,
Gopa kreedathi darsayishyathi sakhe pandhanamavyahatham, 2-43

Oh friend , there is a tall Arjuna tree near by ,
And the path in front leads to the cowherd's place,
And near by flows the great river Yamuna and near it,
In the forest with green trees , one cowherd,
Is minding the cows and also playing and,
He will show you the stable path to salvation.

Go dhuli saritha komala gopa vesham,
Gopala bala kusathai ranugamyamaanam,
Sayanthane prathi gruham pasu bandhanartham,
Gachantha machyutha sishum pranathosmi nithyam. 2-44

I daily salute Achutha in the form of a child,
Who is covered with dusts raised by hooves of cows,
Who is being followed by hundreds of cowherd children,
And who goes to every house in the evening, to tie the cows.

Nidhim lavanyaanaam nikhila jagad ascharya nilayam,
Nijaa vasam bhaasaam niravadhika nisreya sarasam,
Sudha dhara saram sukrutha pari pakam mruga drugam,
Prapadhye maangalyam pradhama mayi daivam krutha dhiyaam. 2-45

I surrender to that primeval God who blesses with all that is good,
Who is the treasure house of beauty, who is the home of all the wonders of the world,
Who is the natural habitat of glow, who is the limitless giver of salvation,
Who is the essence of the rain of nectar and who is the result of good deeds of Gopis.

Aathamrapani kamala pranaya prathodha,
Malola hara mani kundala hema suthram,

Aavisramambu kanamambuneela mavyaa,
Dhadhyam dhanajaya radhabharanam maho na. 2-46

Let him who is having a whip in his hands as red as the hibiscus flower,
Who is wearing moving ornaments like chain, gem studded ear rings and waist belt
And whose face is all over coated with drops of sweat,
And who is as blue as a water rich cloud and
Who is an ornament to the chariot of Arjuna protect us.

Nakha niyamitha kundun pandavasayandhanaswa,
Nanu dhina mabhishincha nnanjalisthai payobhi,
Avathu vithatha gathra sthothra nisyutha moulir,
Darsana vidhrutha rasmir Devaki punya rasi. 2-47

Let the result of the good deeds of Devaki protect us,
Who stands with bare body and with a turban,
And with the whip held tightly with his teeth,
Who scratches the back of the horses , taking them to the river,
And who gives bath to the horses by taking water in his hands.

Vruja yuvathi sahaye youvanollasikaye,
SAkala shubha vilase kunda mandhara hase,
Nivasathu mama chitham thath padayatha vrutham,
Muni sarasija bhanou , Nanda gopala soonou. 2-48

Let my mind constantly dwell on the feet of Krishna,
Who is a help to the ladies of Vruja, who has a body blessed with youth,
Who has all the good living in him, who has a smile with his jasmine bud like teeth,
Who is the sun to the lotus mind of sages and son of king Nanda gopa.

Aranyaanee mardhra smitha madhura bimbhadhara sudhaa,
Saranyaa sankrathai sappadhi madhyanVenoo ninaadhai,
Dharanya sanandoth pulaka mupa goodangri kamala,
Saranyaanaamadhyassa jayathu sareeri madhurima. 2-49

Victory to him who has a sweet body ,
Who melts the forest of Brindavan with his love drenched smile,
And also the music from the flute played by his red lips which is drenched with nectar,
Who is being tightly embraced with joy and with hairs standing upright by goddess earth,
And whose feet are the greatest source of protection of devotees.

Vidhagdha gopala vilasineenaam,
Sambhoga chihnangitha sarva gathram,
Pavithra maamnaayagiraama gamyam,
Brahma prapadhye, nava neetha choram. 2-50

I surrender to the pure and divine god who steals butter,
Who as a result of love play with expert Gopa maidens,
Is full of signs of passion all over his body.
And who is beyond the reaches of the words of Vedas.

Anthargrahe krishnamavekshya choram ,
Badhwaa kavatam jananim gathaikaa,
Ulookhale dhama nibhadha menam,
Thathraapi drushtwasmithaa bhabhoova. 2-51

Once a Gopi saw the thief Krishna in her house,
And locked him inside and went to complain to Yasodha,
And to her surprise she saw the same Krishna,
Tied to the mortar by a rope by his mother.

Rathna sthale januchara kumara,
Sankrantha mathmeeya mukharavindam,
Aadhathu kamasthadhala bhagedhaa,
Dwilokya dhathree vadanam rurodha. 2-52

Once the child Krishna crawling on his knees,
Saw his image reflected in the gem studded floor,
And started trying to catch the pretty face reflected there,
And started crying looking at his mother's face.

Aanandhena yasodhayaa samadhitham gopanganaabhischiram,
Sasangam vala vidhwisha sakusumai sidhai prithvuakulam,
Sershyam gopa kumarakai sakuthukampourair janai sasmitham,
Yo drushtassa punathu no muraripu proth kshiptha govardhana. 2-53

Let us be made holy by the Krishna lifting Govardhana with a smile,
Who is being seen with joy by Yasodha, with long passion by gopa maidens,
Who is being seen with suspicion by Indra and with flowers by the sages,
Who is being seen with sorrow by mother earth and with jealousy by gopa boys,
And is seen by citizens with mercy and with joy by all the others.

Upasathathmavidha puraanaa,
Param parasthaannihitham guhaayaam,
Vayam yasodhaa sisu bala leelaa,
Kadhaa sudhaa sindhushu lelayaama. 2-54

Let the learned ones who are experts in epics search within,
The cave of their mind, the god who is a divine concept,
But we would prefer to drown in the sea of nectar like stories,
Of the childish pranks of the son of Yasodha.

Vikrethu kaamaa kila gopa kanya,
Murario padarpitha chitha vruthi,
Dhadhyadhikam moha vasaadhavochath,
Govinda, Dhamodhara , Madhavethi. 2-55

A gopa damsel who went to sell milk and products,
With her mind completely immersed in Krishna,
Loosing her normal sense , instead of Shouting "Milk, curd"
Shouted ," Govinda, Dhamodhara and Madhava."

Ulookhalam vaa yaminaam mano vaa,
Gopanganaanaam kucha kudmalam vaa,
Murari namna kalabhasya noona,
Malana maseedh thrayameva bhoomou. 2-56

There are only three places where,
Krishna the elephant can be tied,
And they are the mortar, the mind of sages,
And the pretty breasts of the gopa maidens.

Kararavindena padara vindam,
Makharavinde vinivesayantham,
Vatasya pathrasya pute sayaanaam,
Balam Mukundam manasaa smarami. 2-57

With my mind I think of that child Mukunda,
Who with his lotus like hand catches his lotus like feet,
And brings it near his lotus like face and steals our heart,
And sleeps peacefully on a banyan leaf.

Shambho , swagatha massyathaamitha , itho vaamena padmasana,
Krounchare , kusalam , sukham sura pathe, vithesa no drusyase,
Itham swapna gathasya kaidabha jitha sruthwa yasodhaa giraa,
Kim kim, balaka jalpaseethi rachitham dhoo dhoo krutham pathu na. 2-58

When the child started muttering in his sleep,
"Welcome to you Lord Shiva, come and sit near me,
Oh Brahma you can sit on my left side ,
How are you Subrahmanya riding on peacock,
Are you all right Indra, You are not seen these days Kubhera"
Yasoda told, "Baby what is this meaningless prattle,".
And did rituals to protect the baby and let those protect all of us.

Matha, kim yadhu natha, dehi chashakam,kim thena, pathu paya,
Sthannasthyadhya , kadasthi vaa, nisi , nisaa kaa, vandhakarayo,
Aameelakshi yugam nisanyupagatha deheethi mathur muhur,

Vakshojambhara karshanodhyatha kara, krishnassa pushnathu na. 2-59

Mother, What lord of Yadus, give me cup , What is the need, to drink milk,
No it is not now, when is the time, at night , when is night, when it is dark.
And when he heard this , he closed his eyes and told that night has come,
And started pulling her upper dress and let that Krishna protect us.

Kalindee pulinodhareshu musali yavath gatha khelithum,
Thavath karbhooritham paa , piba hare vardhishyathe they shikhaa,
Itham bala thaya prathaarana param sruthwa yasodhaa giraa,
Payanna swashikhaam sprusan pramudhitha ksheeredhapeethe hari. 2-60

When Yasoda told Sri Krishna in a deceiving manner,
"Hey Krishna, please drink the milk kept in the golden cup,
When Balarama is playing in the sand dunes of Yamuna,
So that your hair will grow.", like a child that he is,
Drinking half the cup of milk , Krishna touched his hair to see whether it has grown,
And became happy and let this happiness save us.

Kailaso nava netha ithi kshithirayam prak jagdha mrulloshtathi,
Ksheerodhopi nipeetha ndughdathi lasad smere prahulle mukhe,
Mathaa jeerna dhiya drudam chakithaya nashtasmi drushti kayaa,
Dhoo dhoo vathsaka jeeva, jeeva chiram ithyukthom no hari. 2-61

When the mouth of Krishna opens when he is shining with a smile,
Yasoda saw Kailasa mountain and thought it is undigested butter,
She saw the earth and thought that it was the mud eaten by Krishna,
And seeing the ocean of milk, she thought it is undigested milk,
And these thoughts made her think that her child was having indigestion,
And she was very scared and told, "I have lost everything,
An evil eye has fallen on my child due to some bad woman,
And let it be driven out far away and let my child live,
And let him have a long life" and let that Krishna who heard this protect us.

Kinchid kunchitha lochanasya pibatha paryaya peetham sthanam,
Sadhya prasnutha dugdha bindumaparam hasthena sammarjatha,
Mathraikanguli lalithasya chibuke smerananasyadhare,
Soure ksheera kananwitha nipathitha dandha dythi pathu na. 2-62

Let us be protected by the shine of the milk drenched white teeth of Krishna
Who drinks his mother's milk alternatively from her right and left breasts,
And who keeps fondling with a hand the breast that he is not drinking from,
And whose smiling face is fondled on his chin by a finger of his mother.

Uthunga sthana mandalo parilasad pralamba muktha mane,
Ranthar bimbitha mindra neela nikara chayanu kari dhyuthi,

Lajja vyaja mupethya namra vadhanaa spashtam murarer vapu,
Pasyanthi mudhithaa mudhesthu bhavathaam Laksmi vivohathsave. 2-63

Rugmani during her marriage was seeing the image of Krishna,
Who was shining like a blue sapphire stone ,
On the pearls of her chain lying over her very high breasts,
Feigning that she was shy and again and again became happy,
And let her happiness be the cause of your happiness.

Krishnenamba, gathena ranthu madhana, mrud bakshitham swechaya,
Thadhyam Krishna, ka yevamaha, musali mithyambha pasyananam,
Vyadeheethi vidharithe sisu mukhe drusthwa samastham jagan,
Matha yasya jagama vismaya padam payath san a Kesava. 2-64

“Mother , when Krishna went to play , he himself ate lot of mud,”
“Krishna , is it true”, “Mother Balarama is lying, and if you want you can see.”
And that mother saw all the worlds in the open mouth of her child,
And let that Krishna who surprised his mother thus protect us.

Swathi sapathni kila tharakaanaam,
Muktha phalaanam jananeethi roshath,
Saa Rohini nilamasootha rathnam,
Kruthaspadam Gopa vadhoo kucheshu. 2- 65

Rohini gave birth to the sapphire,
Which is in between the breasts of Gopis,
Due to her anger that one of her co wives,
Among stars , Swathi gave birth to a pearl.

(Here Rohini indicates mother of Balarama who considered herself as mother of Krishna also. She is also referred to as the star Rohini. It is believed that rain drop entering the pearl clam during Swathi star becomes a pearl)

Nruthyantha mathyantha vilokaneeyam,
Krishnam mani stamba gatham Mrugakshi,
Nireekshya sakshadivaKrishna magre,
Dwidhaa vithena navaneethamekam. 2-66

The doe eyed lady seeing the image of,
Krishna who was dancing and playing,
On the pillar made of pearls and gems,
Thought it too was another Krishna and divided ,
The butter in her hand in to two halves.

Vathsa jagruhi vibhathamagatham,
Jeeva Krishna, saradham satham satham,

Ithyudheerya suchiram Yasodhayaa,
Drusya manam Bhajamahe. 2-67

We salute Lord Krishna whose face,
Is intently stared with love by Yasodha,
Saying, "Krishna , please wake up,
Morning has come. May you live hundred years."

Oshtam jigran sisuriti dhiya chumbitho vallaveebhi,
Kandam gruhna aruntha padam gadam alingithanga,
Dhoshnaa lajja pada mabhimrusan anga maropithango,
Dhoortha swami garathu duritham dhooratho Balakrishna. 2-68

Let all our problems be solved by the child Krishna who is a rogue,
Who when kissed by Gopis as he was a child tasted their lips,
Who when embraced as a child , caressed their necks till they are red,
And who when they make him sit on their lap made them,
Squirm with shyness by touching again and again their private parts.

Yethe Lakshmana, Janaki virahinam , maam khedhayandhyam budha,
Marmaanive cha ghatayanthyalamamee kroorrakadambhanila,
Itham vyahrutha Poorva janma charitho yo Radhaya Veekshitha,
Sershyaasamkithaya sa nasshkhayathu swapnayamano hari. 2-69

Let us be given happiness by Krishna , who was watched by Radha,
With great jealousy and suspicion when he muttered during his sleep,
About his previous birth, "Hey Lakshmana , being not with Sita,
These clouds trouble me and this slow cruel breeze,
Coming after touching the Kadamba trees are breaking my secret places."

Oshtam, munchahare, bhibhemi bhavatha panair hathaa poothanaa,
Kanda slesha mamum jaheehi dalithaa valinganorjjunou,
Maa dehi chsuritham Hiranya kasipur neeho navai panchatha,
Mitham varitha Rathri keeli ravathallakshyapa hasodhari. 2-70

Let Hari ,who with words of humor teased during love making by Rukhmani,
Saying, "do nor drink from my lips , for you killed Poothana by drinking thus,
Do not hug my neck because by such a hug you powdered two big trees,
And do not caress with your nails , because Hiranya kasipu was killed by them." , protect us.

Ramo nama bhabhuva hoom , thadabala seethethi hoom thou pithur,
Vachaa Pancha vatee vane viharatha sthamahad ravana,
Nidhrartham janani kadhamithi hare hoonkarena srunwatha,
Soumithre , kwa dhanurdhanudhanurithi vyagraa gira panthu naa. 2-71

There was a man called Rama, yes,
Name of his wife was Sita, yes,
According to the words of the father they
Lived in a forest called Panchavati, yes,
At that time Ravana carried away Sita,
For getting sleep when mother was telling this,
And he was nodding saying "yes",
Let the furious words uttered by Lord Krishna then,
"Hey Lakshmana , where is my bow, bow, bow ?", protect us.

Balopi shailodharanagra pani,
Neelopi neerandra thama pradheepa,
Dheeropi radha nayanavabadho,
Jaropi samsara hara kadasthwam? 2-72

How is it that though he was a boy he lifted a mountain,
Though he is blue in colour , he shows light in darkness,
Though he is brave he is tied by the eyes of Radha,
Though a secret lover, he saves us from domestic life?

Baalaya neela vapushe nava minkineeka,
Jaalabhi rama jaganaaya digambaraya,
SArdhoola divya nakha bhooshana bhooshithaya,
Nandathmajaya navaneetha mushe namasthe. 2-73

My salutations to son of Nanda gopa,
Who steals fresh butter, who is a child,
Who is blue, who wears new jingling chain on his hips
Who does not wear any cloths,
And who also wears ornament with tiger's nail.

Panou payasa bhakthamahitha rasam bhibran mudhaa dakshine,
Savye saarada chandra mandala nibham hayyanga veenam dadath,
Kante kalpitha pundarika nakhaapyudhama theertham vahan,
Devo divya digambaro disathu na soukhyam Yasoda sisu. 2-74

Let us be given all that is good by the child of Yasoda,
Who keeps in his right hand the very tastey payasa*,
Who keeps on his left hand the white globe like butter,
Who wears on his neck as an ornament of tiger's nails,
And who has glorious shine and is without any cloth.
*a sweet fluid dish made with milk, rice and sugar

Kinkini kini kini rabhasai,
Rankana bhuvi rinkanai ssadhatantham,
Kunkunu pada yugalam,

Kankana kara bhooshanam harim vande. 2-75

I salute Krishna who wears bangles as ornament,
Who walks all over the courtyard making ,
Kini kini sound from the bells tied to his ornamental waist belt,
Anu Kunu kunu sound from the anklets on his legs.

Sambhadhe saura bheena,
Mambamayasa yanthamanuyanthim,
Lambala kamalambe,
Tham baalam thanu vilagna jambalam. 2-76

I depend on the child with mud all over his body,
Who makes his mother tired because when she comes in search,
He runs in between the herds of cows,
And who has scattered and hanging hair.

Anchitha pincha choodam ,
Sanchitha soujanya vallavee valayam,
Adhara mani nihitha venum,
Balam gopala manias mavalambr. 2-77

I depend on Krishna the child cowherd,
Who wears a peacock feather,
Who is surrounded by loving Gopa maidens,
And who keeps the flute near his pretty lips.

Prahladha bhagadeyam,nigama ganamaha guhaanthradheyam,
Nrahari padabhi deyam vihudha vidheyam mamanu sandheyam. 2-78

The luck of Prahladha , who lives in the cave of the mountain of Vedas,
Who is denoted by the word Narasimha, who removes the sorrow of devas,
Is the concept that is suitable for my prayer.

Samsare kim saram , kamsarescharana kamala paribhajanam,
Jyothi kimandhare yadandhakaare anu smaranam. 2-79

The meaning of life consists of singing about the feet of him who killed Kamsa,
For even in darkness of ignorance , his thought only will show us the way out.

Kalasa nabva neetha chore kamala druk kumudha handrika poore,
Viharathu nanda kmare chetho mama gopa sundari jaare. 2-80

Let my mind play with the son of Nanda gopa who is the secret lover of gopis,
Who is the thief stealing butter from the pot and a sun to the lotus eyes of Lakshmi.

Kasthwam bala balanuja, kimiha theymanmandhirasankhaya,
Yuktham than navaneetha pithra vivare hastham kimartha nyase,
Matha kanchana vathsakam mrugayithum maa gaa vishadam kshanaa,
Dithyevam vara vallavee prathivacha krishnasys pushnathu na. 2-81

Who are you child asked the Gopi,
I am the brother of Balarama replied he,
Why are you in this house she asked,
I thought it is my house said he,
But why are you keeping your hand in butter pot asked she,
I was searching for the missing calf there said he,
And let this conversation between Krishna and Gopi protect us.

Gopalaa jira kardhame viharase vipradhware lajjase,
Bhrooshe gokula hum kruthou Sthuthi sathai mounam vidhathse vidhaam,
Daasyam gokula pumschaleshu kurushe swamyam na daanthathmasu,
Jnatham krihna, thavangri pankaja yugampremachalam manjulam. 2-82

Oh Krishna your pair of lotus like feet can only be got by love,
For you play in the mud in front of the homes of gopa boys,
But you seem to be shy to go to the Yaga courtyard of Brahmins,
Hearing the hoom sound of the cows you talk to them,
But you keep silent after hearing hundreds of prayers of scholars,
And you are ready to do the behest of any gopa woman,
But you do not seem to want to be the Lord of sages with sense control.

Namasthasmai Yasodhhaaya dhaaya dhaayasthu thejase,
Yadhi radhaa mukhombhojam, bhojam bhojam vyavardhatha. 2-83

Salutations to the gift of God to Yasoda , who is indescribable great light,
And to him who saw and saw the lotus like face of Radha and grew greater,

Avatharaa santhvanye sarasija nayanasya sarvathi bhadhraa,
Krishnadhanya ko vaa prabhavathi go gopa gopika mukthyai. 2-84

Though there are many incarnations of the lotus eyed Vishnu,
Which except that of Krishna provided solace to cows, gopas and gopis?

Madhye gokula mandalam prathi disam chambhara vojjrumbhithe,
Prathar daha mahothsave nava Ghana shyamam ranan noopuram,
Phale bala vibhooshanam katiranath sath kinkini mekhalam,
Kade vyagra nakhancha saisava kala kalyani karthsnyam bhaje. 2-85

I pray Krishna who has the prime beauty of childhood,
Who is of the colour of the blue cloud ,
And runs about, with tinkling ornaments of the leg,

With forehead, is decorated with a dot,
With golden belt on hips to which jingling bells are tied,
And With a garland with a nail of tiger on his neck,
In the melee of hoards of cows being milked by several people.

Sajala jalada neelm , darshithodara leelalm,
Kara thala drutha shailam venu nadhai rasaalam,
Vruja jana kula paalam , kamini keli lolam,
Kalitha lalitha malam naumi gopala balam. 2-86

I salute that child Gopala, who is of the blue colour of the water bearing clouds,
Who shows several playful acts of his, who lifted a mountain with his hands,
Who is pleased with the music of flute, who takes care of the people of Vruja,
Who enjoys himself in playing with his sweethearts
And who wears a garland of forest flowers.

Smitha lalitha kapolam, snigdha Sangeetha lolam,
Lalitha chikura jalam chourya chathrya leelam,
Satha mukha ripu kalam saatha kumbhabha chelam,
Kuvalaya dala neelam Naumi gopala Balam 2-87

I salute that child Gopala who is blue like the blue lotus,
Who has pretty cheeks due to his pleasant smile,
Who enjoys himself in sweet and pure music,
Who has a simply tied hair, who is adept in plays of love,
Who is god of death to enemies of hundred faced Indra,
And who wears cloths of the golden hue.

Murali ninadha lolam , mugdha mayura choodam,
Dalitha danuja jalam , dhanya soujanya leelam,
Para hitha nava helam , patma sathmanukoolam,
Nava jala dhara neelam, naumi Gopala Balam. 2-88

I salute that child Gopala , who is blue like a new rich cloud,
Who becomes happy by playing flute, who wears peacock feathers in his head,
Who defeats the crowds of Asuras, who plays with the blessed people,
Who takes care of others and who helps Brahma sitting on a lotus.

Sarasa guna nikaayam , sachidananda kaayam,
Samitha sakala maayam , sathya Lakshmi sahaayam,
Samadhama samudhaayam , santhi sarvantharayam,
Sahrudha jana dhayam, naumi Gopala balam. 2-89

I salute that child Gopala, who is the wealth of god people,
Who is the home of good characters, who is personification of eternal joy,
Who completely removes all illusion, who is the friend of well gained wealth,

Who is meeting place of control of mind and senses, and remover of all obstacles.

Lakshmi kalathram , lalithabhja nethram,
Poornendu vakthram , puruhootha mithram,
Karunya pathram, kamaneeya gathram,
Vande pavithram Vasu deva puthram. 2-90

I salute the pure soul ,who is the son of Vasudeva,
Who is the consort of Lakshmi , who has eyes like lotus flower,
Who has a face like a full moon, who is a friend of Indra,
Who is the source of mercy and who has a very pretty body.

Madhamaya madha mayaduragam yamunaamava theerya veerya salirya,
Mama rathi mama rathiraskruthi samana para kriyad Krishnaa. 2-91

The valorous Krishna who got in to Yamuna and subjugated the proud snake,
And who constantly tries to remove the insults to the devas may fulfill my desires.

Moulou mayura barham , mruga madha thilakam, charu lalata patte,
Karna dwandhwe cha thalee dala mathi mrudulam , moukthikam nasikaayaam,
Haro mandaaraa mala parimala bharitha, kousthubhasyopa kande,
Panou Venuscha yasyavruja yuvathi yutha, pathu peethambaro na. 2-92

Let me be protected by Krishna with a flute in hand
And surrounded by the lasses of Vruja,
Who wears peacock feather on his head ,
Whose pretty forehead is decorated by Thilaka of musk,
Whose ears are decorated by very soft leaves,
Who wears a gem stud on his nose,
And wears near the Kousthuba gem garland ,
Another one made of a very scented mandhara flowers.

Muraarinaa vaari vihaara kale, mrugekshanaanaam , mushithamsukaanaam,
Kara dwayam vaa kucha samhathir va pramelanam vaa paridhana maseeth. 2-93

During the love play in water, when Krishna hid all their dresses,
For the doe eyed damsels , two hands , their hair and closed eye was their only dress.

Yaasaam gopanganaanaam lasadasitha thraa lola lelaa kadakshaa,
Yannasaa charu mukthaa mani ruchi nikura vyoma ganga pravahe,
Meenayanthepi thaasam athirabha salasa charu neelaala kanthaa,
Brungayanthe yadangri dwaya sarasiruhe pathu peethmbaro na. 2-94

When the playful glances from black eyes of gopis,
Which are ever shifting , shine like fishes,
In the flow of ganges of heaven of the shining pearl drops,

That hang on the nose of Lord Krishna,
And when the very busy curved hairs of the top of their foreheads,
Become bee like when they approach his lotus like feet,
At that time let that Krishna wearing yellow silk protect us.

Yadvenu sreni roopa sthitha sushira mukhod geerna nadha prabhinna,
Yenaakshyaa sthath kshanena trutitha nija pathi prema bandha habhoovoo,
Astha vyasthaalakantha sphuradhara kucha dwandhwaa nabhi pradesaa,
Kamaa vesa pragadhbha prakathitha pulakaa pathu peetmbharo na. 2-95

Let us be protected by Lord Krishna who wears an yellow silk,
Hearing whose attractive music being played in the flute, the doe eyed damsels,
Immediately forget the loving relation of their husbands,
And hearing whose name , their black hair becomes disheveled,
And due to the passionate signs along with shivering lips, breasts and navel,
All their hair stands upright all over their body.

Devakyaa jatara kure samudhitha kreetho gavaam paalina.
Nande naanaka dundhuberr nija suthaapanyena punyathmanaa,
Gopaalavali mugdha hara tharalo gopee janaalankruthi,
Sthyeyaadhwo hrudhi santhatham samudhura koppendra neelo mani. 2-96

Let my mind be decorated by the very pretty Indra neela stone ,
Which was born out of the womb of Devaki, Which was got from Vasudeva ,
By the blessed cowherd Nanda gopa by giving away his girl child,
Who is the centre stone of the gem studded chain of Gopa boys,
And who is a great ornament for the damsels of Gopa clan.

Peete peeta nishanna balakugale thishtan sa gopalakaa,
Yanthratha sthitha dugdha banda mapakrushachadhya gandaravam,
Vakthropatha kruthanjali krutha sira kambham piban ya paya,
Payodhaagatha gopikaa nayanayor gandoosha phoola kara kruth. 2-97

Putting a stool and making a gopa boy sit on and standing on his shoulders,
Pulling the milk pot in the rope hang after hiding the bell tied in it,
Keeping his hand near his mouth and shaking his head,
When he was drinking the milk and when the Gopi suddenly came,
He spat in her eyes the milk which was in his mouth and made her blind,
And let that cowherd Krishna who did it protect me.

Yagnai reejimahe dhanam dhadhimahe pathreshu noonam vayam,
Vrudhaan bhojimahe thapascha krumahe janmanthare duscharam,
Yenasmaka mabhoodha nanya sulabhaa bhakthir bhava dweshini,
Chanura dwishi bhaktha kanmasha mushi sreyapushi sree jushi. 2-98

Due to the fact that I have developed firm devotion to Lord Krishna,

Who killed the wrestler called Chanura,
Who removes all problems of devotees
Who removes sorrow of life
And who cannot be obtained easily by others,
I am sure that in my previous births,
I have worshipped God by performing Yagnas,
And should have given Dhana to those who deserve it,
And should have properly treated elderly people and also,
Should have done great Thapas, which others could not perform.

Thwayi prasanna mama kim gunena,Thwayai prasanna mama kim gunena,
Rakthe virakthe cha vare vadhoonam nirathaka kumkuma pithra bhanga. 2-99

If you are pleased with me,
What is the use of good behaviour,
If you are not pleased with me,
Then what is the use of good behaviour,
For if a lady has love from her husband ,
What is the need for decoration with Kumkum , flowers etc,
And if the lady does not have love from her husband
What is the need for decoration with Kumkum , flowers etc,

Gayanthi kshanadhavasana samaye sananda mindhu prabhaam,
Runthanthyo nija dantha kanthi nivahair gopangana gokule,
Madh nanthyo dhadhi pani kankana jjanal kkaranukaram java,
Dyavath gadhvasananchala yama nisam peethambarovyath sa va, 2-100

Let us be protected by the God who wears yellow silk,
Whose fame is sung in the Gokula by the Gopis
With their cloth flying round them when they churn the curds,
During the end of the night with their teeth which are shining like moon,
Keeping with the beat of the tinkling sound made by their bangles with ebbing joy.

Amsalambitha vama kundala bharam mandhonnatha brullatham,
Kinchith kunchitha komala dharaputam sami pracharekshanam,
Aalolanguli pallavair murali kamaa poorayantham mudhaa,
Moole kalpa tharosthri bhangi lalitham jane Jagan mohanam. 2-101

I know the bewitcher of the world , who stands below the wish giving tree,
With slight bends at the head , hips and his feet,
Who has pretty ear rings hanging up to his shoulders,
Who has raised and curved eye brows similar to a climbing plant,
Who has lower lips which are slightly drawn down,
Who has side long glances which are diagonal,
And who with his fast moving very soft fingers plays the pretty flute,

Mallai sailendra kalpa sisuritha rajanai pushpa chaponganapir,
Gopaisthu prakruthathma, divi kulisa brutha viswa kayo prameya,
Krudha Kamsena kalo, bhaya chakitha drusa yoghibhir dhyeya moorthi,
Drushto rangavathaare hari ramara gananandakruthpathu yushmaan. 2-102

Let us be protected by Lord Krishna who grants joy to devas,
Who in the wrestling rink appeared like a mountain to Chanoora,
Who appeared like a child to others, who appeared like an ordinary man to Gopas,
Who appeared like the God of love holding an arrow of flowers to ladies,
Who appeared as the divine God whose body is the universe to Indra,
Who appeared like an angry God of death by Kamsa , who has eyes reflecting fear,
And who appeared as the God to be meditated upon by Yogis.

Samvishto mani vishta ranga thala madhyasi Lakshmi mukhe,
Kasthuri thilakam mudha virachayan harshath kuchou samsprusan,
Anyonya smitha chandrika kisalayai raradhayan manmadham,
Gopee gopa parivrutho yadhu pathi payad jagan mohana. 2-103

Let us be protected by the king of Yadhus ,
Who is surrounded by Gopa and Gopis,
Who while sitting on the throne, put a Thilaka by musk,
On the forehead of Rukhmani sitting on his lap,
Touching with glee her breasts ,
Which lead to a smile at each other ,
Which was the worship of the God of love they both did.

Aakrushte vasananchale kuvalaya shyamathrapada krutha,
Drushti samvalitha ruchaa kucha yuge swarna prabhe Srimathi,
Bala kaschana chootha pallava ithi pranthasmitha sya sriyam,
Slishtam sthamedha Rugmanim natha mukhim, krusha sa pushnathu na. 2-104

When Krishna pulled the sari over her shoulders while talking,
And she with her blue lotus like eyes bent down,
And her sight merged with the beauty of both her pretty breasts,
And the beauty of her mouth decoarated by her smile,
And her shy slightly bent head ,was hugged tightly,
By Krishna saying , "Is this a new leaf of a mango tree",
And let that Krishna who did it protect us.

Urvyam kopi maheedharo laghu tharo dhorbhyam drutho leelaya,
Thena thwam divi bhoothale cha saththam govardhano geeyase,
Thwaam trilokya dharam vahami kuchayoragre na thath ganyathe,
Kim vaa kesava, bhashanena bahunaa punyair yaso labhyathe. 2-105

(Note:-The following are the words of Rukhmani)

Hey Kesava in this world, you lifted a very small mountain as a child's play,
With both your hands and due to that in earth as well as in the land of devas,
You are very famous as the one who lifted the Govardhana mountain,
But I lift you , who has all the three worlds within you on the tip of my breasts,
But this is not counted, for luck is necessary for an effort to become famous.

Sandhyavandana , bhadramasthu bhavathe, Bho snana , thubhyam namo,
Bho devo, pithanascha Tharpana vidhou naham kshama kshamyathaam,
Yathra kwapi nishidhya yadava kulothamsasya kamsadwisha,
Smaaram smaramagham haraami thadalam, manye kimanyena may? 2-106

Oh Sandhyavandana, let good befall you,
Oh bathing , my salutations to you,
Of Devas and manes , I am not good at Tharpana ritual,
And so please pardon me for all that,
And I wash of all my sins by sitting some where,
And meditating on Krishna who is the ornament to Yadava clan,
And who killed the bad man called Kamsa,
And I believe that it is sufficient to do that and so what else is needed?

Hey Gopalaka, Hey krupa jala nidhe , Hey Sindhu kanya pathe,
Hey Kamsanthaka , Hey Gajendra karuna paarina, Hey Madhava,
Hey Ramanuja, Hey Jagathraya guro, Hey Pundareekaksha maam,
Hey Gopi jana nadha, palaya param Janami nathwam vinaa. 2-107

I do not know any other God greater than you, Oh Lord of people of Gokula,
Oh cowherd, Oh ocean of mercy, Oh husband of daughter of ocean,
Oh killer of Kamsa, Oh God who took mercy on Gajendra, Oh Madhava,
Oh brother of Rama, Oh teacher of three worlds, Oh God with lotus like eyes.

Kasthuri thilakam lalata phalake, Vaksha sthale Kousthubham,
Nasagre nava moukthikam, Kare thale Venum, kare Kankanam,
Sarvange hari chandanam cha kalayan kande cha mukthavaleem,
Gopa sthree pariveshtitho Vijayathe Gopala Choodamani. 2-108

Victory to the gem among Gopalas , who is surrounded by Gopa ladies,
Who has a musk thilaka on his forehead, Kousthubha gem on his chest,
A new gem studded nose drop at the end of the nose ,
Flute in his hand, Bangle on his hand,
Who is coated with sandal paste all over and wears a necklace of beads on his neck.

Lokan unmadhatan , sruthir mukharayan, Ksohoniruhaan harshayan,
Sailaan vidhravayan , mrugaan vivasayan, Go vrundamanandayan,
Gopan sambhramayan, muneen mukalayan, Saptha swaraan jhrumbhayan,
Omkaraartha mudheerayan Vijayathe Vamseethi nada siso. 2-109

Victory to the sound of the flute of the child Krishna,
Who enraptures the world, explains Vedas, enthralls the plants,
Melts the mountains , benumbs the animals, makes happy the cows,
Surprises the cowherds, make sages meditate, makes the seven notes lively,
And explains the meaning, of the divine sound “Om”.

Ithi Sri Krishna karnamruthe,
Dweethiya nyasa Sampoornam.
Thus the second chapter of the nectar in ears of Krishna comes to an end.

Sri Krishna Karnamrutham
Trutheeya aaswasa

Nectar to the ears of Lord Krishna
Third chapter

Translated by
P.R.Ramachander

Asthi svasthyanam samastha jagatha madhastha Lakshmi sthanam,
Vasthur dwastha rajasthamo bhirinisam,nyastham purasthaad iva,
Hasthodhastha gireendra masthaka tharu prasthara vistharitha,
Srastha swastharu soonasamsthara lasad prasthaavi Radha sthutham. 3-1

There is a thing in the world which contains the good of the entire world,
That is seen often with the breasts of Lakshmi,
That is always kept besides them and enjoyed by the holy people
Who have shed their regal and base characters,
That shines from the piles of flowers that fell from the wish giving trees.
Of the gardens of the Govardhana mountain ,when it was lifted high.
And which is praised and prayed by Radha.

Radharaditha vibhramadbutha rasam lalithya rathnakaram,
Sadaranya pada vyatheetha sahaja smerananamboruham,
Aalambe hari neela garva guruthaa sarvaswa nirvaapanam,
Balam vainavikam vimugdha madhuram Moordhabhishiktham maha. 3-2

I depend on the greatly shining form of a child
Who defeats the sapphire by his light, who plays flute , whose prettiness is sweet,
Who has the wonderful property of love , who is worshipped by Radha,
Who is like a sea of prettiness, who transcends ordinariness ,
And has a naturally smiling face which is like the just opened lotus flower.

Karinamala brugathi Vaibhavam bhaje,

Karunavalambitha kisora vigraham,
Yami namanaratha vihari manase,
Yamuna vanatharasikam param mahaa. 3-3

I pray that Krishna who has a slow walk that is rare even to the elephants,
Who has the form of a mere child who is wedded to mercy,
Who plays always in the mind of great sages,
And who is interested in being in the forests around Yamuna River.

Niyanthra yathsakala jagad vrujanganaa-,
Niyanthritham vipula vilochanaaajnayaa,
Nirantharam mama hrudhaye vijrumbhathaam,
Samanthatha sarasa tharam param maha. 3-4

Though he controls the entire world,
He is controlled by looks by the wide eyes of the lasses of Vruja,
And spreads the sense of happiness everywhere,
And let that light live permanently in my mind and shine.

Kandharpa prathi malla kanthi vibhavam kadhambinee bhandhavam,
Vrundaranya vilasinee vyasinanam Veshena bhoosha mayam,
Mandasmera mukhambhujam madhurima vyamrushta bibaa dharam,
Vande kandalidhardhra youvana vanam, Kaisorakam Saarngina. 3-5

I salute the youthful phase of Lord Krishna,
Who was capable of winning, God of love by his prettiness,
Who was similar and so related to Clouds,
Who was the lover of the lasses of Brindavan,
Who used to appear with lot of ornaments,
Who had a lotus like face which was smiling,
Who had reddish lips which were full of sweetness,
And was in the gate way of ebbing youth.

Aamuktha manisha muktha nijanubhava,
Maaooda vigraha magooda vidagdha leelam,
Aamrushta youvana manashta kisora bhava,
Maadhyam maha kaamapi maadhyathi manase mama. 3- 6

In my mind , plays a resplendent form,
Which is much, beyond human form,
Which is stable in his greatness,
Who has chosen himself ,to be of the human form,
Whose playful acts are known to all,
Who has touched youthful age ,
And who has not left childish acts and who is primeval

They they bhavaa sakala jagathi lobhaneeya prabhaavaa,
Nana thrushnaa suhrudhi hrudhee may kamam aavirbhavanthu,
Veenaa venu kwanitha lasitha smera vakthraaravindaa,
Nnaham jaane madhuramaparam nanda punyambu rase. 3-7

Let those playful acts which are wanted with great desire,
Appear in my mind on their own and be present there.
For I do not know any thing that is sweeter than the lotus like face,
Which is like the sea of good acts of Nanda gopa,
Which are opened by the music of flute along with Veena,
And which are like the lotus like face that enjoys them.

Sukruthibhi raadruthe sarasa venu nanaadha sudhaa,
Rasala hareevihara nirava graha karna pue,
Vruja vara sundari mukha saroruha sanmadhupe,
Mahasi kadhaa nu majjathi madheeyamidham hrudayam? 3-8

When will my heart get drowned in that great light,
Which is respected and celebrated by all those who do good deeds,
Which has two ears which enjoys the nectar like music of the flute,
Which is a bee that drinks the honey from ,
The lotus like faces of the pretty ladies of Vruja.

Thrushnadhure chethasi jrumbha maanam,
Mushnan muhurmoha mahandhakaram,
Pushnathu na punya dhataika sindho,
Krishnasya karunya kadaksha keli. 3- 9

Let us be protected by Krishna, who is the sea of mercy and good deeds,
So that his loving merciful side long glance cures,
The great darkness of passion that engulfs all our minds,
Which are attacked by avarice and great desire.

Nikhila nigama mouli lalitham,
Pada kamalam paramasya thejasa,
Vruja bhuvi bahu manmahetharaam,
Sarasa kareesha visesham rooshitham. 3-10

I greatly respect the lotus like feet of the divine God,
Which is celebrated by the top most part of Vedas,
Which are searched by great yogis with great effort,
And is found in the wet cow dung all over Vruja.

Udhaara mrudula smitha vyathikaraabhiramaananam,
Mudhaa muhurudheernaya muni manombhujaa mreditham,
Madala savi lochana Vruja vadhoo mahaaswadhidham,

Kadhaa nu kamalekshanam kamapi bala aalokaye? 3-11

When would I be able to see the lotus faced strange boy,
Who has a face which is pretty due to his smile,
Who is being more and more appreciated by ,
The lotus like mind with great joy,
Who is being drunk by the youthfully exuberant lasses of Vruja.

Vruja janamadha yoshi llochano chishta seshi,
Krutha mathi chapalaabhyaam lochanaabhyam mubhabyaam,
Sakrudhapi pari pathum they vayam parayama,
Kuvalaya dala neelam kanthi pooram kadhu nu? 3-12

When we would be able to drink,
That light which is blue like a blue lotus,
Which is what is left over after drinking it,,
By the youthful lasses of Vruja,
As both our eyes have great desire to do drink that?

Ghoshaychi dhanu Geetha youvanam,
Komala sthanitha venu niswanam,
Saarabhooth mabheeraama sampadaam,
Dhama thamarasa lochanam bhaje. 3-13

I pray that light, which is sung about by lasses of Vruja,
For his youth and the sweet music that he plays on flute,
Which is the innate meaning of wealth of beauty,
And which has eyes which are like hibiscus flower.

Lelayaa lalithayavalambitham,
Moola gehamiva moorthi sampadaam,
Neela neeradha vilasa vibhramam,
Balameva vayam adhriyamahe. 3-14

We praise with reverence that child form,
Which is defended by its pretty playful acts,
Which is the origin of the wealth of prettiness,
And which shines like a blue rich cloud.

Vande murarescharanara vinda,
Dwandwam dhaya darshitha saisavaya,
Vandharu vrundharaka vrunda mouli,
Mandara mala vinimardha charu. 3-15

I salute the pair of lotus like feet of Krishna,
Who has shown his child form because of mercy,

And whose feet has become pretty due to the association,
With flower garlands of Devas who salute those feet.

Yasmin nruthyathi yasya shekhara bharai Krouncha dwisha chandrakee,
Yasmi drupythi yasya gosha surabhem jigran vrusho dhoorjade,
Yasminsajjathi yasya vibhrama gathim vanchan hare sindhura ,
Sthad vrundavana kalpa dhruma vanam tham vaaa kisoram BHaje. 3-16

I salute that child ,as the wish giving tree of Brindavana,
Where pecock which is the steed of Subrahmanya dances
On seeing the black hair of Krishna thinking that it is a cloud,
Where Nandi the bull of Lord Shiva, smells out the cows passionately,
And where the elephant Iravatha the steed of Indra learns to walk from Krishna.

Arunadharamrutha viseshitha smitham,
Varunalayaanu gatha varna vaibhavam,
Tharunaravinda deergha lochanam,
Karunalayam kamappi Balamasraye. 3-17

I surrender to the child Krishna who is merciful.
Who has nectar like smile on his lower lips,
Who is famous for his sea like colour,
And who has a youthful long lotus like eyes.

Lavanya veecheerachithanga bhoosham,
Bhooshaa padaropitha puya barhaam,
Karunya darala kadaksha maalaam,
Baalaam bhaje vallava vamsa lakshmin. 3-18

I salute that girl child who is the Lakshmi of the Vamsa clan,
Whose prettiness is only due to shining body parts,
Who is decorated only by the peacock feather,
And whose look is filled with mercy.
(This is a rare prayer addressed to Gopala Sundari , the feminine aspect of Krishna)

Madhuraikarasam vapor vibho,r,
Madhuraa veedhi charam bhajamyaham,
Nagaree mrugassaa bhalochana,
Nayaneendhivara varsha harshitham. 3-19

I sing about the body of the Lord.
Who is the essence of sweetness,
Who wanders in the streets of Mathura,
Who is being worshipped by doe eyed maidens,
With their blue lotus like eyes .

Paryaa kulena nayananha vijrumbhithena,
Vakhtrena komal mrudu smitha vibhramena,
Mandrena manjula tharena cha jalpithena,
Nandasya hantha thanayo hrudayam dunothi. 3-20

My heart is being stolen by the son of Nanda,
By the ever shifting pretty side long glances of the eye,
By the prettiness of the mouth adorned by a slight smile,
And by royal and very sweet talks of his.

Kandharpa kandoola kadaksha veecheer,
Indivaraksheera abhilaaksha maaanan,
Mandasmithadhara mukharavindan,
Vandamahe vallava dhoortha paadan. 3-21

We salute the feet of the amorous one of Vallavas,
Who ties us with the passionate side long glances,
Who is loved by people with blue lotus like eyes,
And who has a lotus like face with lips engaged in a slight smile.

Leelaatopa kadaksha nirbhara parishwangaprasangadhika,
Preethe Geetha vibhnga sanga thalasadvenu pranadhaamruthe,
Radha lochana lalithasya laliha smere murarer mudhaa,
Madhryairka rase mukhendu kamala manam madheeyam mana. 3-22

My mind is completely immersed in the lotus face
Which is full moon like of Lord Krishna,
Which is embraced by the passionate playful glance if Gopis,
Which shines by the music of his flute, with journey within notes,
Which is being fondled, by the pretty eyes of Radha,
And which is always smiling and is the ultimate sweetness.

Saranagatha vajra panjare,
Sarane sarngadharasya vaibhave,
Krupaya drutha gopa vigrahe,
Kari dhanya gayaamahe vayam. 3-23

Why should we search for another place of safety,
When he is the diamond armour to his devotees,
And we can seek his protection in the form of the cowherd Krishna,
Which form has been taken by the conch bearing Lord Vishnu.

Jagathraya kantha manogna bhoomi,Schedhasya jasram mama sannidatham,
Ramaasamaa swaditha soukumaryam,Radha sthanaa bhoga rasagna moja. 3-24

Let my mind host the play without break of that light,

Which is the essence of prettiness of three worlds,
Which is the youthfulness enjoyed by Goddess Lakshmi,
And which enjoys the hug of the breasts of Radha.

Vayametha dviswa seema karunakara Krishna kim vadantheem they,
Api cha vibho, thava lalithechapala tharaa mathiriyam balye. 3-25

Oh Lord, we pray to you after hearing the hearsay,
That you are the Krishna full of mercy,
But when we learn about your pretty childhood,
Our mind is rocked by doubt.

Vathsa pala chara kopi,
Vathsa sri vathsa lanchana,
Uthsavaya kadhaa bhaavith,
Yuthsuke mama lochane. 3-26

My eyes are waiting with great desire,
To play with the wonder child Krishna,
Who plays with cowherd boys,
And who is having a mole called Srivathsa on him.

Madhurima bharithe, manobhirame,
Mrudula thara smitha mudhrithannendou,
Thribhuvana nayanaika lobhaneeye,
Mahasi vayam vruja bhaji lalasa sma. 3-27

We have developed great love towards that light,
Which is filled with sweetness, which attracts the mind,
Which has a moon like face with a symbol of sweet smile,
And which is desired by eyes of al people of three worlds.

Mukharavinde makaranda bindhu,
Nishyandhi leelaa murali ninadhe,
Vrajanganaa panga tharanga brunga-,
Sangrama bhoomou thava laalasa sma. 3-28

I have developed attraction to your lotus like face,
Which increases the honey drops of the music of flute,
And which is the battle field of the bee and wave,
Like eyes of the damsels of Vruja.

Aathamrayathalochanam solla haree leelaa sudhaapyathithair,
Gethamreditha divya keli bharaithai spheetham Vruja sthree janai,
Swedhambha kana bhooshithenakimathi smarenavakthrendhunaa,
Padambhoja mrudhu prachara subhagam pasyami drusyam maha. 3-29

I am seeing a light , which is again and again drunk,
By the Gopa maidens who have drowned themselves,
In the flow of nectar of the light of the eyes,
Which are red and wide like a hibiscus flower,
And also drowned in the repeated play of the divine power,
Which has a moon like face, decorated by drops of sweat,
And prettily walks around with its lotus like little feet.

Panou Venu prakrithi sukumara kruthoubalya Lakshmi,
Parswe balaa pranaya sarasaa lokithaa panga leelaa,
Moulou barham madhuvadanaamboruhe mougdhya mudhre,
Thyardrakaaram kimapi kithavam jyothir anveshayama. 3-30

I am searching for the glowing light which is cool,
Which has flute in hand, which is blessed with natural youth,
Which is surrounded by loving side long glances of Gopa boys,
Which has peacock feather on head, which has a stamp of youth in its moon like face,
And which has indescribable capacity to put on different roles.

Aarooda venu tharunaadhara vibrhamena,
Madhurya Sali vadhambhujamudwahanthi,
Aalokyathaam kimanayaa vana devathaa va,
Kaisorake vayasi kapi cha kanthi yashti. 3-31

Oh Gods of the forest , what is the use of beauty of this forest to you?
But please look at that pretty Krishna, who plays music on flute by his pretty lips,
And also see that flame of light which sports a lotus like face,
With his age touching youthfulness and which is indescribable?

Ananya sadarana kanthi kantha,
Maakrantha gopee nayanaravindam,
Pumsa puranasyanavam vilasam,
Punyena poornena vilokayishye. 3-32

I would be seeing due to the faultless good deeds of mine,
That power which is of indescribable light stealing other's mind,
That power which conquers the lotus like eyes of Gopis,
And that epic power which has new sporting actions.

Sashtanga padamabhi vandhya samastha bhavai,
Sarvaan surendranikaraa nidhamevayache,
Manda smithardhra madhuranana chandra Bhimbe,
Nandasya punta nichayemama bhakthirasthu. 3-33

I salute all the devas with eight body parts touching the earth,

And only request from them one boon, “let me always have ,
Unshakable devotion to that God with moon like face,
Who appears sweet due to his smile and is the blessing got by Nanda.”

Yeshu pravaheshu sa yeva manye,
Kshanopi ganya purushayusheshu,
Aaswadhyathe yathra kayapi bhakthya,
Neelasya balasya nijam charithram. 3-34

In this rapid water like flow of the life of a man,
At least one instant should be considered as remarkable,
And that instant is the time is which we enjoy,
The remarkable history of the black coloured child Krishna.

Nissarga sarasaadharam nija dayardhraadhivyekshanam,
Manogna mukha pankajam madhura sardhra mandasmitham,
Rasagnahrudhayaaspadam , ramitha vallavi lochanam,
Puna puna rupasmahe bhuvana lobhaneeyam maha. 3-35

I again and again meditate on the light wanted by the entire world,
Who has a very natural smiling lips, who has a look dripping mercy,
Who has a mind bewitching lotus like face , who has a sweet dripping smile,
Who depends on the heart of his devotees and gives pleasure to the eye of Gopis.

Sa kopi bala sarasiruhaksha,
Saa cha Vruja sthree jana pada dhooli,
Muhoostadhethadhyugalam madheye,
Momuhyamaanepi manasyudhethu. 3-36

When I am confused due to the life of mine*,
Let the very indescribable lotus eyed child Krishna,
And dust of Brindavan made holy by the walk of Gopis,
Appear before my eyes again and again.
*Could also be, “I am helpless in the bed of death.”

Mayi prayanabhimukhe cha vallavee,
Sthana dwayee durlalitha ssa balaka,
Sanai sanai sravitha venu niswano,
Vilasa veshena pura praatheeyatham. 3-37

When my soul is preparing to travel away,
Let that Child Krishna who is interested,
In the two breasts of the Gopa lasses,
Slowly and slowly play the flute,
And appear before me in his form of love.

Athi bhoomima bhoomimev vaa,
Vachasaam vasitha vallavee sthanam,
Manasaamaparam rasayanam,
Madhuradwaithamupasmahe maha. 3-38

We meditate upon that great light,
Which is beyond words to describe,
Which is an incomparable medicine,
Which is dual less sweetness,
And which is sandal paste applied on the breasts of Gopis.

Janantharepi Jagadeka mandane,
Kamaneeya dhamni kamalaya thekshane,
Vruja sundari jana vilochanamruthe,
Chapalaani santhu sakalendriyani may. 3-39

Even in my future births, let all my body parts.
Be interested in that light, which is sweet to the mind,
Which is the only one that gives beauty to entire world,
Which has broad eyes like petals of Lotus,
And which is the nectar to the eyes of lasses of Vruja.

Muni sreni vandhyam, madhurala sad vallava vadhoo,
Sthana sreni bimbasthimitha nayanombhoja subhagam,
Puna slaghaa bhoomimpulakitha giraam naigama giraam,
Ghana shyamam vandhe kimap mahaneeya krutha mahaa. 3-40

I salute that light which has a very pretty form,
Which is being saluted by groups of saints,
Which peers at the breasts and hips of the vallava maidens,
Which has very pretty eyes resembling lotus flowers,
Which does service to heart melting prayers and Vedic manthras,
And which is blue like the water rich cloud.

Anu chumba tham vichalane chethasa,
Manujaa kruthar madhurimasriyam vibho,
Ayi deva Krishna dayithethi jalpatha,
Mapi no bhaveyuraapi nama thaadrusa. 3-41

The continued experiences with a very stable heart,
Of the great wealth of divine happiness of Krishna.
Who has assumed the form of a human being,
Would also surely be ours though we sing only his names.

Kishora veshena kiso daree drusaam.
Visesha drusyena visala lochanam,

Yasodhayas labdha yasodhanaambhudher,
Nisamaye neela nisaa karam kadhaa. 3-42

When would I be able to see Krishna,
Who has very broad eyes,
Who appears like a child to the eyes,
Of the damsels with narrow hips,
And who is the blue moon got by the,
New sea of fame, obtained by Yasodha.

Prakruthi ravathu no vilasa lakshmyaa,
Prakruthi jadam pranathaparadha veedhyaam,
Sikruthi krutha padam kisora bhaave,
Sukrthi manapranidhana pithra moja. 3-43

Let us be protected by the great light,
Which is the source of wealth of playfulness,
Which pardons the sins of those who prostrate before it,
Which lives in the heart of blessed people,
And which has the exuberance of youth.

Apahasitha sudhaa madhaave lepai,
Radhika manohara mardhra mandahasai,
Vruja yuvathi vilochaavalehyam,
Ramayathudhaamaramavarodhanam na. 3-44

Let us be made happy by that lord,
Who defeats nectar about its sweetness,
Who is very pretty with the smile showing his mercy,
Who gives satisfaction to the eyes of Gopis,
And who is the place of origin of Goddess Lakshmi.

Angoorotha smeradasa viseshai,
Rasraantha harshamrutha varsha makshnaam,
Samkeedithaam chethasi gopa kanya,
Ghana sthana swasthayayanam maho na. 3-45

Let our mind be full of that bright light,
Which has a smile which is always new ,
Which is the shower nectar in the eyes of people who see,
And which is the proper place for the breasts of Gopis.

Mruga madha panga Sankara viseshitha vandhya mahaa,
Giritha ganda gairika nadhrava vidhrumitham,
Ajitha bhujaantharam bhajatha hey Vruja gopa vaddhu,
Sthana kalasa sthalee gusrana mardhanakardhamitham. 3-46

Please sing about Krishna's chest which cannot be defeated,
Which is coated by the paste of musk from the deer,
Which is made red by solution of red sand stone in the valley,
Below the high mountain in the forest,
And which is coated by the sandal paste on the breasts of lasses of Vruja.

Aamoola pallvee tha leelamapanga jalai,
Maasinchathibhuvana adhryutha gopa veshaa,
Balaakruthir mrudula mugdha mukhendu bimbaa,
Madhurya sidhi ravathan Madhu vidwisho na. 3-47

Let us be saved by the fully sweet child form of Krishna ,
Which is playful like the tender leaves from root to top,
Which with its magical looks is wetting the entire world,
Which has taken the form of cowherd willingly,
Which has a moon like face which is tender and pretty,
And which killed an asura called Madhu.

Viranan mani noopuram vraje,
Charanaambhoja mupasya sarngina,
Sarase sarasi sriyasritham,
Kamalam vaa kala hamsa nadhitham. 3-48

Please meditate on the lotus like feet of Lord Vishnu,
Which wears the gem studded anklets making sound in Vruja,
Which is like a pretty lotus blessed by Lakshmi in the pond,
Which is filled by the musical sound of the royal swans.

Saranamanu sarananaam saradambhoja nethram,
Niravadhimadhurimanaa neela veshena ramyam,
Smara sara para thanthra smera nethrambhujaabi,
Vruja yuvathibhiravyath brahma samvesthitham na. 3-49

Let us be protected by the divine god Krishna,
Who is the support to the support less,
Who has eyes like the lotus flower of autumn,
Who steals our mind by his extremely sweet blue form,
And who is surrounded by lasses of Vruja with lotus like eyes
And is subdued by the arrows of the God of love.

Suvyaktha kanthi bhara sourabha divya gathra,
Mavyakth youvana pareetha kisora bhaavam,
Gavyanu palana vidhavanusishta mavyaa,
Dhavyaaja ramya makhileshwara vaibhavam na. 3-50

Let us be protected by the incarnation of God,
Which is well lit so that it is fully visible,
Which has natural perfume, which is divine,
Which even in its child hood was surrounded by youthfulness,
Which is not clearly visible and felt,
Which has been made to look after the cows,
And which is pretty even without any ornaments.

Anugathama mareenaam mambaraalabinaam,
Nayana madhurima sree narmanirmana seemnaam,
Vruja yuvathi vilasa vyapruthapangamavyath,
Tribhuvana siukumaram divya kaisorakam na. 3-51

Let the youthfulness of Krishna, which is the prettiest in three worlds,
Which is the ultimate of beauty and looks of love,
Which is also visible to the deva maidens of the sky ,
And which is subject of the passionate glances of Vruja lasses, protect me.

Aapadamaa chooda mathi prakthi,
Maapeeyamaana yaminaam manobhi,
Gopi jana jnatha rasavathamdhwo,
Gopala bhoopala kumara murthi. 3-52

Let us be protected by the child form of Krishna,
Which is the king of Yadavas , which is being drunk ,
By the mind of sages attracted by him from foot to head,
And which is the taste which is enjoyed by Gopis.

Dhishtyaa vrundavanamadrusaam vipra yogaa kulaanaam,
Prathyasannam pranaya chapalaapanga veecheetharaangai,
Lakshmi leelaa kuvalaya dala shyamalam dhama kamaan,
Pushniyaadhwaa pulaka mukulaa bhoga bhooshaa visesham, 3-53

Let all our desires be fulfilled by that great light,
Which due to their luck appeared, before the lovelorn doe eyed damsels,
Who were sad because of the absence of Krishna,
Which is blue like the blue lotus held by Goddess Lakshmi ,
And which has the only ornament of body hairs standing erect.

Jayathi guha sikheendra pincha mouli,
Sura giri gairka kalpithanga raga,
Sura yuvathi vikeernasoonu varsha,
Snapitha vibhooshitha kunthala kumara. 3-54

Let there be victory to the young man,
Who wears the feathers of the steed of Subrahmanya as an ornament,

Who applies to his body the red paste of the sand stone of Meru Mountain,
And whose hair is drowned by the flowers rained by the deva maidens.

Madhura manda suchi smitha manjulam,
Vadana pankajamangaja vellitham,
Vijayathaam Vruja bala vadhoo jana,
Sthana thateeviluda nyanam vibho. 3-55

Let there be victory to lotus like face of Krishna,
Which is pretty due to his pure and slow smile,
Which is shaken by the effort of God of love,
And which has its eyes rolling over the breasts,
Of the young lasses of Brindavan.

Alasavilasa mugdha snigdha smitham Vruja sundaree,
Madana kadana swinnam dhanyam mahad dwadanaambhujam,
Tharuna maruna jyothsnaa kruth snasmithasnapithaa dharam,
Jayathi vijaya srenee menee drusaam madayan maha. 3-56

Let there be victory to that great light,
Which has a slow , shining, pretty smile that is full of love,
Which is coated with sweat, due to the love making with lasses of Vruja,
Which has a respected , blessed and great lotus like face,
Which has lips drenched by the slow smile,
That is youthful and red like the rising moon,
And which is the victory march of the doe eyed damsels.

Radhaa keli kadaksha veekshitha maha vruksha sthalee mandana,
Jeeyaasu pulakaanguraas thribhuvana swadheeyas thejasa,
Kreedantha prathi suptha dugdha thanayaa mughdhabha bodhakshanaa,
Thrasaa rooda drudapa goohana Ghana samrajya Rajya sriyaa. 3-57

Let there be victory to extreme joyous reaction of Joy of Krishna
Which was ornamented by the glances of Radha,
On his broad chest during love making,
And which was tightly embraced at the end of love making,
By Rukhmani, when she suddenly woke up from sleep,
Leading to the limitless and pretty sense of joy.

Smitha snutha shudha dhaaraa madha shikhandee barhangitha,
Visala nayanambhujaa Vruja vilasinee vasithaa,
Maogna mukha pankajaa madhura venu nadha dgravaa,
Jayanthi mama chethasa schira mupaasithaa vaasanaa. 3-58

Let there be victory to the thoughts in my mind about,
The dripping nectar of smile of his lower lips,

Ornamented by the feathers of a very fat peacock,
And having lotus like eyes as he is living with the lasses of Vruja,
Having a lotus like face which is attractive to the mind,
Having the essence of the music from the divine flute,
And he is the one which my mind longed very much to meditate.

Jeeyadhasou shikhi shikanda kruthavathamsa,
Saam sidhikee sarasa kanthi sudha samrudhi,
Yad bindulesa kanikaa parinaama bhagyath,
Soubhagya seema pada manchathi Pancha bana. 3-59

The god of love with five arrows with him got,
His beauty by a small portion of a drop of nectar,
But Krishna wearing the peacock feather in his head,
Naturally has lots and lots of nectar of joy and let him be victorious.

AAyaamena drusor visala tharayo rakshayai mardhra smitha,
Cchaya darshithasaradendu lalitham chapalya mathram shiso,
Aayaasanaparaan vidhooya rasikai raswadhyamaanam muhoor,
Jjeyaa dhunmadha vallavi kucha bharaa dharam kisoram mahaa. 3-60

Let there be victory to the light in the form of a child,
Which is ever full by the length of its broad eyes,
Which defeats the autumn moon by the light of its smile,
Which is the personification of the plays of children,
Which is being enjoyed by connoisseurs again and again,
By leaving out jobs which are hard to perform,
And which lives on the breast of Gopis who are proud of their youth.

Skandavara sadho prajaa kathipayegopaasahaayaadhaya,
Skanda lambhini vathsa dhamni dhanadhaa gopanganaa swanganaa,
Srungara giri gowrikam shiva shiva sreemanthi barhaani cha,
Srunga graahikaya thadhaapi thadhidham prahu striloj=keswaram. 3-61

Though his subjects are people living in huts,
Though his friends are few cowherds,
Though his garland is the rope used to tie the cows,
Though the people paying tribute to him are his cowherdesses,
Though his ornaments are peacock feathers and red stone from mountain,
And though the real truth about him is like this,
This Krishna is called the Lord of three worlds.

Srimad barhi shikhanda mandana jushe shyamabhi rama thwishe,
Lavanaya kara sava siktha vapushe lakshmee sara praavrushe,
Leela krushta rasagna dharma manase leela mrutha srathase,
Ke vaa na spruhayanthi hantha mahase gopi jana preyase. 3-62

Who ever would not desire that light desired by Gopis,
Which uses pretty feathers of peacock as ornament,
Which is blue in colour and is having the dazzle dear to the mind,
Which has a form of pretty principle spread every where,
Which is the rainy season for the lake called Lakshmi,
Which attracts the mind of people interested only in play,
Which has flowing nectar like ebb of series of plays,
And which is the sweet heart of Gopis.

Aapataladhara madheera vilola nethra,
Maamodha nirbharithamadbutha kanthi pooram,
Avismithamruthamanusthu, thilobhaneeya,
Mamudhri thananamaho madhuram murare. 3-63

Who will not want to see forever the sweet light of the God,
Which has red lips, which has shifting eyes similar to a coward,
Which is full of the wonderful light that is full of joy,
And which has the nectar of smile and has a face filled with joy.

Jagruhi jaagruhi chethaschiraaya charitharthadha bhavatha,
Anubhooyatha midham midham pura sthitham poorna nirvaanam. 3-64

Awake , awake , oh mind for you are getting result of good acts, after lot of time,
See , see and enjoy as much as you like of this complete detachment of actions.

Charanayor arunam karunardhayo,
Kacha bhare bahulam vipulam druso,
Vapushi manjula manjana mechake,
Vayasi balamaho madhram maha. 3-65

This light like form of Krishna is wonderful,
For it has red colour on feet cooled by mercy,
No space between hair locks, has breadth in his eyes,
Prettiness in the body as black as black collyrium,
And also youthfulness in his age.

Maalabarha manogna kunthala bharam vanya prasoonokshithaam,
Shailyadrava kliptha chithra thilakaam sasvan manohaarineem,
Leela venu ravamyathaika rasikaam lavanya Lakshmi mayeem,
Baalaam bala thamala neela vapusham vande param devathaam. 3-66

I salute that divine Goddess, who is in her youth and is blue in colour,
Whose bewitching hair is decorated by peacock feathers and flower garland,
Who is decorated by forest flowers, who is always pleasant to the mind,
Who puts red decorative thilaka from the paste made of mountain stone

Who gets enraptured in the nectar of the music from the flute,
And who is Lakshmi, the personification of great beauty.
Note. This is another prayer addressed to Bala Gopala Sundari.

Guru mrudhu pade gadam gulphe ghanam jagana sthale,
Nalinamudhare deergham baahwotr visalamura sthale,
Madhura madhure mugdham vakthre vilasi vilochane,
Bahu kucha bhare vanyam veshe manogna maho maha. 3-67

This form of great light , which is sweet to the mind,
Which has firmness in the tender feet, fleshiness in the calf,
Thickness in the hips, lotus in the stomach,
Length in the arms, breadth in the chest,
Sweetness in the lips, dense nature of the hair,
Youthfulness in the face , shine in the eyes,
And uses forest products for decoration, is indeed wonderful.

Jihaanaam jihaanaam sujaanena mougdhyam,
Duhaanaam duhaanaam sudhaa venu nadhai,
Lihaanaam lihaanaam sudeergairapangai,
Mahananda sarvasva methannamasthaam. 3-68

I salute the principle which is the total divine joy,
Which is crossing the childhood slowly and slowly due to onset of youth,
Which by the songs on the flute is increasing more and more nectar,
And which by his very long eyes again and again blesses the surroundings.

Lasad barha peedam lalitha lalitha smera vadanam,
Bramath kreedaapangam pranaya janathaa nirvruthi padam,
Navambhodha shyamam nija madhurima bhoga bharitham,
Param devam vande parimilithakaisoraka rasam. 3-69

I salute Lord Krishna , who is full of happiness of childhood,
Who wears shining peacock feather on his head,
Who has a face which has a very pretty smile,
Who has a rotating side long glance from his eyes,
Who grants great happiness to those who surrender to him,
Who is of the blue colour of the newly formed cloud,
And who is fully complete due to his own personal sweetness.

Sarasya samgryami vaannena,
Madhurya chathuryamiva smithena,
Tharunya karunya mivekshithena,
Chaplya saphalya midhamdrusormay. 3-70

With a face which is complete with prettiness,

With a smile which shows the capability of sweetness,
And with a vision reflecting youthfulness of mercy,
His form fulfills the avarice of my eyes.

Athra vaa thathra vaa deva,
Yadi viswasi masthayi,
Nirvanamapi durvaara,
Marvaa cheenaani kim puna. 3-71

Oh Krishna If at any time I have full faith in you,
Then I would get salvation and is it necessary,
To tell that other small pleasures would automatically follow?

Ragaandha gopi jana vandhithaabhyaam,
Yogeendra brungendra nishevithaabhyaam,
Aathamra pangeruha vibhramabhyaam,
Swamin, padhabhyaam mayam manjalisme. 3-72

Saluted by Gopis who are blind with passion,
Served by the sages who like are going round like bees,
And shining red like the lotus flowers,
Are your feet, Oh lord and my salutations to them.

Arthaanulaapaan Vruja sundareenaam,
Akrithrimanancha saraswatheenaam,
Ardhraa sayena sravanchalena,
Sambhavayantham tharunam graneema. 3-73

We salute that lad Krishna,
Who honours the beauties of Vruja,
Who indicate their needs,
By non artificial and intelligent words,
After listening to them with interest.

Manasi mana sannidathaam,
Madhura mukhaa mandharaa pango,
Kara kalitha lalitha vamsaa,
Kaapi kisoraa krupaa lahari. 3-74

Let the flood of mercy ,which cannot be properly described,
Which has a sweet face, which has a pretty flute in his hand,
And which is like that of a child, be permanently in my mind.

Rakshanthu na shiksithapaasu paalya,
Baalya vruthaa barhgi shikhavathamsaa,
Prana priyaa prasthutha venu Geetha,

Seethaa drusso sithala gopa kanyaa. 3-75

Surrounded by Gopalas trained in the art of minding the cows
His hair decorated by the peacock feathers ,
And with the tunes of his flute which are greater than soul,
And his heart warming up by plays with Gopis,
Is Krishna and may he protect us.

Smitha sthabakithadharam sisira venu nadhamrutham,
Muhoostharala lochanam madha kataaksha mala kulam,
Urasthula vileenaya kamalayaa samalingitham,
Bhuvasthula mupaagatham bhuvana daivatham pathu na. 3-76

Let us be protected by the God of this world,
Who has lips which are smiling,
Who plays cool nectar of music from his flute,
Who has eyes which travel hither and thither,
Who has side long glances with the pride of youth,
And who is being embraced by the goddess Lakshmi on his chest.

Nayanambhuje bhajatha kamaduham,
Hrudayambhuje kimapikaruneekam,
Charanambhuje muni kulaika dhanam,
Vadanambhuje Vruja vadhoo vibhavam. 3-77

Seek ,the Lotus like eyes granting desires to devotees,
Lotus like heart which is full of mercy.
Lotus like feet which is incomparable wealth of sages,
And the lotus like face being the wealth of Vruja lasses.

Nirvasanam hantha rasantharaanaam,
Nirvana samrajya mivava theernam,
Avyaja madhurya maha nidhaana,
Mavyath Vruja nama adhi daivatham na. 3-78

Let us be protected by that taste which drives away all tastes,
That state which is like the complete pleasure of salvation coming down,
That place of stay of natural sweetness,
And that concept of Krishna which has come down to Gokula.

Gopinaamabhi matha Geetha vesha harshaad,
Aapeena sthana bhara nirbharopa goodam,
Keli namvathu rasai roopasyamanam,
Kalindhi pulinacharam param maho na. 3-79

Let us be protected by the incomparable light,

Which hides as it is tightly embraced by the breasts of Gopis,
Who are interested in music and dressing up,
Which is being worshipped by the pleasure of their love play,
And which is interested in wandering in the sand dunes of Yamuna.

Khelatham manasi khecharaangana,
Mananeeya mrudu venu niswanai,
Kanane kimapi na krupaspadam,
Kala megha kalohadwaham maha. 3-80

Let our mind become the play ground of the incomparable light,
Whose softness is appreciated by deva damsels traveling in the sky.
By the music that he plays on his flute in the forest,
Whose blue body colour competes with the dark clouds,
And who is the source of all the mercy .

Yenishabha vilochanaa bhira lasa sreni bhara proudibhir,
Veni bhootha rasa kramaa bhira bhitha sreni krthabhir vithaa,
Panee dwou cha vinodhaya dradhipathe sthoonisayai sayakair,
Vani nama padam param vrujapathi kshoneepathi pathu na. 3-81

Let us be protected by the Lord of the kingdom of Vruja,
Who is surrounded on all sides by the Doe eyed Gopis,
Standing line by line with pretty heavy and slow moving hips,
And with a pretty walk that increases the passion,
Who increases the happiness of the hands of the god of love ,
By allowing him to use the flower arrows that are in his arrow case,
And who cannot be adequately described in words even by Goddess Saraswathi.

Kaalindi puline thamaala nibhidacchaye pura sancharath,
Thoye thoyaja pithra paathra nihitham dadjyannamasnothi ya,
Vaame paanithale nidhaya madhuram venum vishaanaam katee,
Pranthe ghaascha vilokayanprathikalam tham balam aalokaye. 3-82

I always see in my mental eyes, that child Krishna,
Who eats the rice mixed with curd in the vessel made of lotus leaf,
In the sands of Yamuna, in the shade of thamaala tree, with water flowing in front of him,
Who holds the sweet flute in his left hand, who keeps horns on one side of his hip,
Besides looking after the cows in the grass land properly.

Yad gopi vadanendu mandala mabhuth kasthurikaa pathrakam,
Yallakshmi kucha satha kumbha kalasa vykochamindee varam,
Yan nirvana nidhaana sadhana vidhou, sidhasanam yoginaam,
Tannashyamala mavirasthu hrudaye krishnabhidhaanam maha. 3-83

Let that divine light which is called Krishna , who is black,

Who is the musk thilaka on the face of Gopis with the shine of moon,
Who is the Indhivara flower that opened in the golden pot of Lakshmi's breasts,
And who is the divine black ointment to find out the treasure of salvation to sages.

Phullendeevara mindu kanthi vadanam barhavatham sapriyam,
Sri vathsanga mudhaara kousthubha dharam peetambaram sundaram,
Gopeenaam nayanothpalarchitha thanum go gopa sanghavrutham,
Govndam kala venu nadha rasikam divyanga bhoosham bhaje. 3-84

I pray Govinda who likes the sweet songs of the flute ,
Whose body is well ornamented, who is of the colour of fully open blue lotus,
Who has a face like moon, who lovingly wears peacock feathers on his hair,
Who has the mole called Srivathsa on his chest,
Who wears the emerald called Kousthubha on his neck,
Who wears yellow silk, who is very pretty,
Who is being worshipped by the blue lotus flower like eyes of Gopis,
And who is completely surrounded by cows and cowherds.

Yannanbhi sarasiruhaanthara pute brungayamano vidhir,
Yadwaksha kamala vihaara bhavanam yachakshushichendwinou,
Yath padabja vinasrutha sura nadhi shambho shiro bhooshanam,
Yannama smarnam dhunohi duritham payaad sava Kesava. 3-85

Let all of us be protected by the Lord Kesava, in whose case,
On the inner petals of the lotus generated on whose stomach, Lord Brahma is a bee,
On whose chest goddess Lakshmi shines and whose eyes are the moon and the sun,
The divine river originating from whose feet became an ornament of the head of Shiva,
And by meditating on whose name all sins are removed permanently.

Rakshanthu thwaamasitha jalajai ranjalee pada mole,
Menaa nabhi sarasi hrudhaye maarabanaa murare,
Haara kande hari mani maaa vakthra padme dwirephaa,
Pinchaa bhooshaschikara nichaye gosha yoshin kadakshaa. 3-86

Let you be protected by the sidelong glances of Gopis,
Who wished to be salutations by blue lotus flowers below Krishna's feet,
Who wanted to be fishes in the pond of his belly ,
Who wanted to be the arrows of God of love on his chest,
Who wanted to be garlands made of emeralds on his neck,
Who wanted to be bees circling his lotus like face,
And who wanted to be peacock feathers ornamenting his hair.

Dhadhi madhana ninadhai sathyaktha nidhraprabhaathe,
Nibhrutha pada magaaram vallaveenaam pravishta,
Mukha kamala sameerai rasu nirvanya dheepaan,

Kabhalitha navaneetha pathu Gopala bala. 3-87

Let us be protected by the child Gopala,
Who woke up in the mornings due to the sound of churning of curds,
Who entered the house of Gopis without making noise,
And put out the lamps there by the wind from his lotus like mouth,
And went on gobbling the fresh butter there.

Pratha smarami dhadhi gosha vineetha nidhra,
NIdhravasana ramaneeya mukharavindam,
Hrudhyanvadhya vapusham nayanabhi rama,
Munnidhre padma nayanam navaneetha choram. 3-88

I meditate in the morning the butter Thief Krishna,
Who woke up in the morning due to sound of churning curds,
Who has a very fresh and pretty face at the end of the sleep,
Who has a faultless body which is sweet to the mind,
And who has a set ofbewitching eyes which are like just opened lotus flowers.

Phulla hallaka vathamsakollallasad,
Galpamagama veega veshitham,
Vallavee chikura vasithaangulee,
Pallavam kamapi vallavam bhaje. 3-89

I sing about some cowherd boy,
Who wears red hallaka flowers in his ears,
By which both his cheeks are shining,
Who is searched by the words of Vedas,
And whose tender fingers has the sweet scent,
Due to the contact with the hair of Gopis.

Stheyam hare harethi yannavaneetha chouryam.
Jarathwa masya guru thalpa kruthaaparadham,
Hathyaam dasananaa hathir Madhu pana dosham,
Yath poothana sthana paya sa punathu Krishna. 3-90

Let us be made pure by that Krishna.
The thought of whose stealing butter removes the sin of theft,
The thought of whose illicit love removes the sin committed towards teacher,
The thought of killing of Ravana removes the sin of murder,
And the thought of his drinking Poothana's milk , removes the sin of drinking.

Maara, maa madheeya manase,
Madhavaika nilaye yadruchaya,
Sri rama pathi rihaaga medhasou,
Ka sahetha nija vesma langanam, 3-91

Oh God of love , do not live in my mind,
Where only Lord Krishna can live,
For without notice , he would come there,
And he may not tolerate your living in his house!

AAkunchitham janu karam cha vamam,
Nyasya kshithou Dakshina hastha padme,
Aalokayantham nava neetha khandam,
Balam mukundam manasa smarami. 3-92

I meditate on that child Krishna,
Who is moving on both his knees,
With his left hand on the floor,
And staring at the butter in his lotus like right hand.

Janubhyam abhidavantham. Panibhyaam athiu sundaram,
Sakunda lalakam Balam , dhyoyomyushassi Balakam. 3-93

I daily think about that child Krishna,
Whose ear studs and curly hair keep on moving,
Who stands on his knees and hands on the floor,
And who is an extremely pretty sight.

Vihaaya kodanda sarou muhurtham,
Grahaana panou mani charu Venum,
Maayura barhancha nijothamange,
Sita pathe twam pranamami paschad. 3-94

Oh consort of Sita, for now,
Keep away your bow Kodanda ,
And take in your hands the pretty flute,
And also wear the peacock feathers on your head,
And then surely I will salute you.

Ayam ksheerambodhe pathirithi gavaam palaka ithi,
Sritho asmabhi ksheeropa nayana dhiyaa gopa thanaya,
Anena prathyooho vyarachi sathatham yena janani,
Sthanaa dhapyasmaakam sakrudhapi payo durlabham abooth. 3-95

We relied on him because this cowherd being the lord of the sea of milk,
And the protector of cows, we would be getting lot of milk to drink,
But we found lot of problems for getting milk,
And even getting milk from mother's breast also has become difficult.*

*we will not have further birth and so no mother's milk.

Hastha makshipya yaatho asi Bala krisna, kim adbhutham,
Hrudhyaadhyadhi niryaasi pourusham ganayami they. 3-96

I am not surprised because you left the hold of my hand and went away,
For , I would respect your masculinity , if you manage to go away from my heart.

Thamasi ravi rivodhyam majjatha mambu raasou,
Plava iva thrushithaanaam khadu varshiva megha,
Nidhirivavidhanaanaam deerghatheevraamayaanaam,
Bhishagiva kusalam nodathu maayathu souri. 3-97

For doing good to us let Krishna come,
Who is like a rising Sun in the dark,
Who is like a boat to those who drown in sea,
Who is like cloud giving tastey rain to those who are thirsty,
And who is like a doctor to those, who suffer long time diseases.

Kodandam masrunam sugandhi vishikham chakrabja pasangusam,
Haimim venulathaam karaischa dadhatham sindhoora unjarunam,
Kandharpadhika Sundaram smitha mukham gopangana veshtitham,
Gopalam sathatham bhajami varadam trilokya raksha manim. 3-98

I meditate always on the Gopala*,
Who holds the bow, scented flower arrows,
Wheel, conch , goad , and a golden flute,
Who is reddish like saffron,
Who is prettier than God of love,
Who has an ever smiling face,
Who is surrounded by Gopi lasses,
Who is a protection for the three worlds,
And one who gives boons to those who ask.
*This prayer is addressed to Bala Gopala Sundari.

Sayankale vananthe kusimitha samaye saikathe chandrikayam,
Trilokyakarshanangam, sura vara ganika mohanaa panga murthim,
Sevyam srungara bhavair nava rasa bharithai gopa kanya sahasrai,
Vandeham rasakeliratha mathi subhagam vasya gopala krishnam. 3-99

I salute the very pretty cowherd Krishna , who likes rasa kreeda,
Who can be made as their own by his devotees,
Who has a form that attracts all the three worlds in the flower opening times,
In the evenings at the garden in the moon light and on the sand hills,
Who has a form and glance which will make lasses of heaven and earth swoon,
And who is surrounded by thousands of passionate gopa lasses with newer and newer tastes.

Kadamba mole kreedantham vrunda vana nivesanam,
Padmasana sthitham vande venum gayanthachyutjam. 3-100

I salute that Achyutha who plays on the flute,
Who plays below a Kadamba tree,
Who lives in Brindavan,
And who sits on a lotus pose.

Balam neelambhudhabham nava mani vilasad kinkini jala badham,
Sroni jangantha yugmm, vipula gurunakhaprollasath kanda bhoosham,
Phullamboja vakthram hatha sakata maruth poothanadhyam prasannam,
Govindam vandhithendraadhyamaravara majam poojayedh vasaradhou. 3-101

We have to worship , at beginning of the day, the birth less child Gopala,
Who is of the colour of blue cloud, who ties in his hips a gem studded belt with bells,
Who has two calves, who wears in his neck a quality tiger's nail,
Who has a face that is like a fully opened lotus flower,
Who killed Poothana, Trinavartha , sakatasura and other asuras,
Who has a smiling face and is being worshipped by Indra and other devas.

Vandhyam devair mukundam vikasitha kuru vindhabha mindi varaksham,
Go gopi vrunda veetham jita ripu ivaham , kunda mandhara haasam,
Neela grevaa grapincha kalana suvilsad kunthalam bhanu mantham,
Devam peethmbaradyam japa japa dhinaso madhymahne ramayai. 3-102

We have to daily chant and chant during noon for getting wealth,
That name of God Mukunda who is being saluted by devas,
Who shines like the kuruvinda flowers,
Who has eyes like blue lotus, who is always surrounded by cows and Gopis,
Who has won over hoards of enemies, who smiles with teeth which are like jasmine buds,
Who is very pretty being decorated by the feathers of the peacock,
Who has a pretty hair on his head, who is shining in his yellow silk dress.

Chakrandha dwastha vairee vrujamajitha mapaa sthavanee bhara maddyai,
Raveetham naradhadhyai unibhira bhinutham thatwa nirnothi hetho,
Sayahne nirmalangam nirupama ruchiram chinthayen nila bhasam,
Mathree viswodhayasthithyapaharana padam mukthidhm vasu devam. 3-103

We have to daily meditate during the evenings , the mantra of son of Vasudeva,
Who drove off the enemies of Vruja by the edge of the holy wheel,
Who can never be defeated, who reduced the burden of mother earth,
Who is surrounded by primeval gods, who is being praised by,
Narada and other sages for determining meaning of philosophy,
Who has a pure form, who is of incomparable prettiness,
Who is of blue colour, who is the cause of birth, upkeep and death of the world,
And who is the one God who grants salvation to his devotees.

Kodanda maikshava makhanda mishum cha poushpam ,
Chakrabhja pasa sruni kanchana vamsa naalam,
Bhibrana mashta vidha bahubir arka varnam,
Dyayedwarim madana gopa vilasa vesham. 3-104

Afterwards we have to meditate on the form of Krishna,
Who holds the unbreakable Kodanda bow,
The arrow made of flowers, the holy wheel, the conch, the rope,
The goad and the flute made of gold in his eight hands,
Who is of the red colour of the rising sun god,
And has put on the form of God of love who is a cowherd.
This is considered as the manthra of eight handed madana Gopala Sundari.

Angulyaa, ka kavadam praharathi, kutile .Madava kim vasantho,
No chakri, Kim kulalo , na hi dharani dhara, kim dwijihwa, Phaneendra,
Naham darahimardhim kimasi , khagapathir no, hari kim kapeendra,
Ithyevam gopa kanya prathivachana jitha pathu vas chakra pani. 3-105

Who knocked my door? Hey rascal girl, it is Madhava,
Is it the spring? No, it is the holder of wheel,
Is he a potter with a wheel? No, no, he is the one, who holds the mother earth,
Is he the snake with two toungues? No, he is the one, who defeated the snake in the river,
Is he the king of birds, the Garuda? No, he is hari,
Are you then you are indeed a monkey, Thus Krishna was defeated in repartee
By the gopa lass and let him save us.
(This is in the form of teasing conversation between a gopa lass and Lord Krishna. Madhava also indicates spring, Dharanidhara can be Adhi sesha the snake and hari also indicates a monkey)

Radha mohana mandhiraadhupa gathas chandravaleemoochivaan,
Radhe kshema maye, asthi thasya vachanm , sruthwaha chandravali,
Kamsa Kshema maye vimugdha hrudhaye kamsa kwa drushtathvaya,
Radhaa kwethi vilajjitho natha mukha, smero hari pathu na. 3-106

Coming out of the pretty house of Radha, Krishna asked Chandravali,
“Hey Radha, how do you do?” and hearing those words,
Chandravali asked him, “Hey Kamsa, how do you do?”
And then he asked, “Oh girl who has lost her senses,
Where did you happen to see Kamsa”, and she retorted,
“In the same place where you happened to see Radha”,
And Krishna became shy and bent his head and,
Let that Krishna who is shy, save us from everything.
(Chandravali is a gopa lass in love with Lord Krishna)

Ya prerthir vidhurarpitho , mura ripo, kundhyarpithe yaa drusee,

Yaa Govardhana moordhni yaa cha pradhuke sthanye yasodharpithe,
Bharadwaaja samarpithe sabhaikaadathodhare yoshithaam,
Yaapreethir muni pathnibhakthi rachithe, apyathraapi thaam thaam kuru. 3-107

Let this work done by me, be as dear to you,
As the food offered to you by Vidhura,
The food and offerings by Kunthi,
The food offered to you on Govardhana by the gopa boys,
The beaten rice offered to you by your friend Kuchela,
The breast milk of Yasoda, the hospitality of sage Bharadwaja,
The fruit offered by Shabari, the lips of the lasses who loved you,
And the love, hospitality and offerings of the wives of sages.

Krishanu smarana deva, pada sangatha panjara,
Sathadhamedha maayathi, girir Vruja hatho yadha. 3-108

The iron cage of the collection of our sins,
Would break in to hundreds of pieces,
Like the mountain subjected to Vajrayudha,
If we continuously keep thinking of Krishna.

Yasyathma bothasya guro prasada,
Dahm vimukthosmi sareera bandhanath,
Sarvopadheshtu purshothamasya,
THasyangri padmam pranathosmi nithyam. 3-109

I salute that feet of Purushothama, who is the teacher of all,
And who is my soul like teacher who helped me to get freedom from bondage.

Ithi Sri Krishna karnamruthe threethyaswasa samaptham.
Thus ends the third chapter of the neater to ears of Krishna.